



THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

CONTENTS.

OCTOBER.

G W E N.

YOUNG ENGLAND AT SCHOOL.

JIM: A Tramp's Story (Poem)

WOMEN OF NOTE.

BEN NAMO'S REVENGE.

HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

HOMEWARD BOUND (Poem).

THE LIVERPOOL EXCHANGE,
By Frederick Dolman.

WHISPERS from the WOMAN'S WORLD.

FAMOUS BRITISH SHIPS.

PETER LONGFELLOW'S ADVENTURES
By Colin Carre.

LITTLE POLLY PILKERTON.

THE IVY WALTZ.

A TALE OF THE FJORDS.

ON TO THE CUM FIELDS, NEW ZEALAND.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Puzzledom, & Photographic Competition

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GHOSTS AND SPOTS.

IN his book entitled "More Ghost Stories," Mr. Stead tells us that in any case very few persons are able to see ghosts. That is, they are not properly constituted. A ghost is too thin for common vision. If you see ghosts at all, you have to see them, as you see things in dreams, out of the back of your head.

Yet what are those "spots" floating in the air before the eyes, which all of us have seen? A woman writes that they caused her much annoyance and uneasiness. Not that she believed these "spots" were really what and where they seemed to be; still, how to account for them—that is the question.

She says in substance, that in September, 1876, after the birth of a child, "I lingered long in weakness and general ill-health. I was low in strength and in spirits; I did not recuperate. I felt heavy, tired, and sleepy. Rest, strangely enough, did not come from resting. I ate but little, and that little in a perfunctory, mechanical way. I had no appetite or relish for it, and it did me small good. As one may say, my food rewarded me according to its welcome. It lay cold and dead in the stomach, as fresh coals lie in the grate when the fire is out.

"No, that does not half express the fact. It was so for a short time and then the food began to give me pain, at first in the chest and afterwards between the shoulder-blades. In the stomach there was a feeling of vacancy and sinking with nausea. Yet I was not able to throw off the cause of it. I had a foul taste in the mouth and my tongue was thickly coated with a dark brown fur. A sour fluid and a sickening wind or gas were constantly coming up as though the food in my stomach were fermenting, as the refuse of a kitchen does when exposed to heat and moisture.

"Presently my skin turned a sallow and unwholesome hue, and the whites of my eyes became yellow.

"Eating scarcely anything I continued to lose the limited amount of flesh and strength I

had. Months went by, and I grew so weak I could not even lift the kettle off the fire. Later on I was obliged to give up housework altogether. That is to say during the very bad attacks. I also suffered much from severe headaches and dizziness, *with spots floating before my eyes*. These spots were, of course, wherever, my eyes happened to be turned at the moment, and yet they appeared to have an existence and a motion of their own. I could see them in the dark also, as in the light.

"As I crossed the room I had to support myself by the walls and furniture to keep from falling. I was treated by one doctor after another from time to time, without benefit. This was my life for eleven years—a weary, painful experience.

"In November, 1887, I received by post a book, in which I read of cases like mine having been cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. Any chance was worth taking, and I sent to the stores at Fordingbridge for this medicine. After using it for a few days I felt better. There was a revival of appetite, and what I ate digested without distressing or paining me. Briefly, I kept on using the Syrup, from week to week, with steady benefit until all the bad symptoms departed, my strength came back, and I was well once more. That is now seven years ago, and I have enjoyed good health ever since."

The lady whose letter we have quoted resides in Redmile, Leicestershire, but for personal reasons asks us to withhold her name for the present. Mr. R. Silverwood, Postmaster at that place, vouches for the accuracy of her statement. Her disease was chronic inflammatory dyspepsia, with great nervous weakness and prostration, of which the floating spots were a most disagreeable symptom.

Come to think of it, are not ghosts, as well as floating spots, the creatures of a diseased stomach with its jangled nerves? I shouldn't wonder. Try Mother Seigel's Syrup for any and all of them.

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The Sub-Editor ordered by his chief to find a joke for this cut has resigned.



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The Ludgate Illustrated Magazine.

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1895.

	PAGE
FRONTISPIECE	566
GWEN	567
By G. CARDELIA.	
YOUNG ENGLAND AT SCHOOL—THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' SCHOOL,	
PINNER	574
JIM—A TRAMP'S STORY (Poem)	581
By W. J. FROST.	
WOMEN OF NOTE	583
With Portraits	
BEN NAMO'S REVENGE	589
HAMPTON COURT PALACE	594
HOMEWARD BOUND (Poem)	598
THE LIVERPOOL EXCHANGE	599
By FREDERICK DOLMAN.	
WHISPERS FROM THE WOMAN'S WORLD	608
By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.	
FAMOUS BRITISH SHIPS AND THEIR COMMANDERS	615
By WALTER WOOD.	
PETER LONGFELLOW'S ADVENTURES	624
By COLIN CARRE.	
LITTLE POLLY PILKERTON	645
By the Author of "The Gentle Life."	
THE IVY WALTZ	656
ON TO THE GUM FIELDS, NEW ZEALAND	661
A TALE OF THE FJORDS	665
DRAMATIC NOTES	668
With Portraits	
PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION	673
PUZZLEDOM	674

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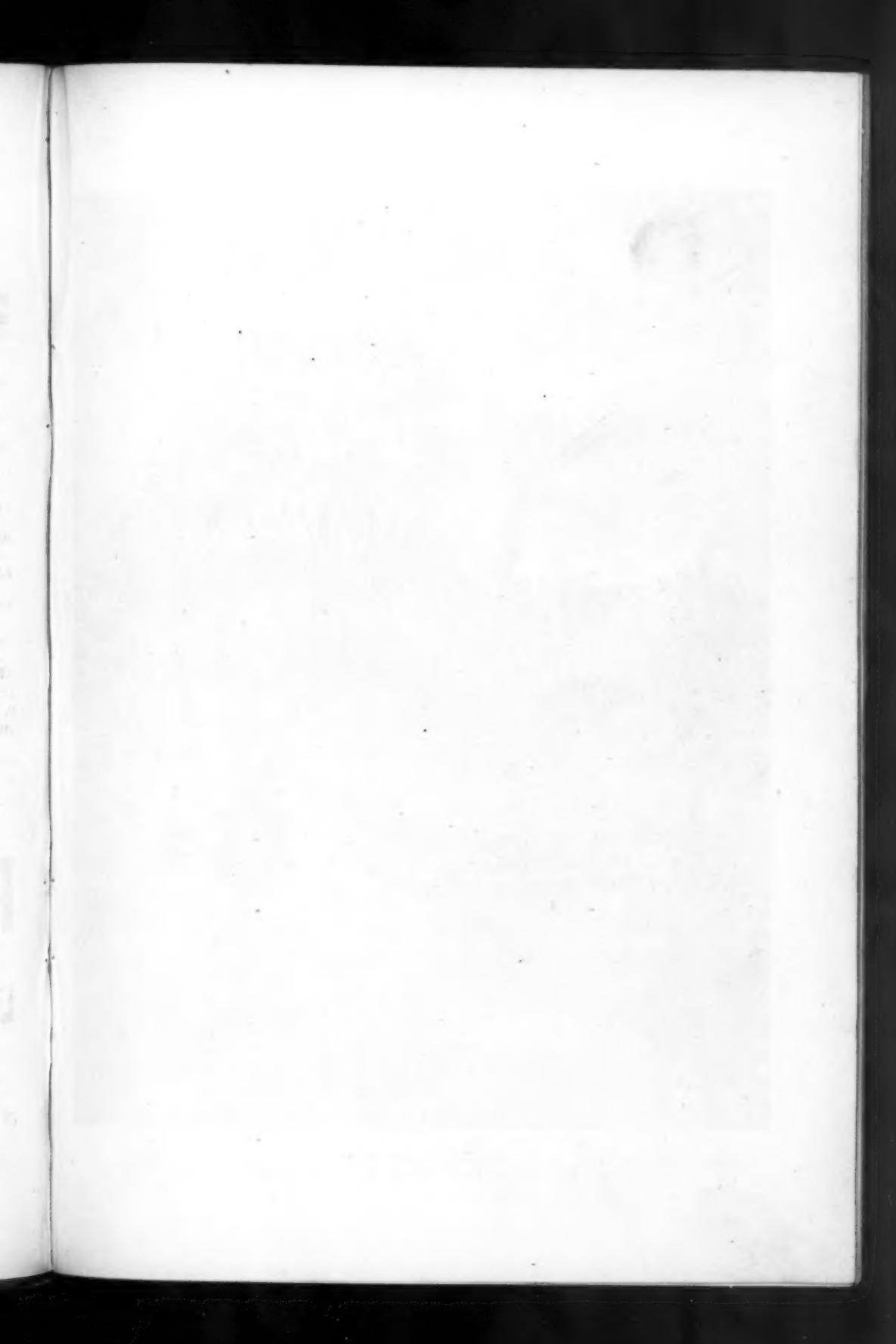
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TOWARDS EVENING

DRAWN BY YEEND KING, ENGRAVED BY C. B. CHRISTENSEN

Gwen.

By G. CARDELLA.

Author of "A King's Daughter."

CHAPTER I.

IT was a warm June evening in London, just at the hour when the soft grey twilight comes like a hush over the noise and haste of the big city, enfolding the dirt-encrusted buildings, and all the glare and clash of colour, in its beautifying embrace. In one of the small streets leading out of Park Lane, the din of wheels and hoofs had dwindled to a faint murmur of sound, and from one of the houses came, fresh and sweet on the cooler evening air, the scent of mignonette. The boxes in the windows were full of it, with just a touch of scarlet geranium and blue lobelia among its fresh green.

Perhaps it was the sweetness of the mignonette, or perhaps it was the music of a woman's voice singing in one of the upper rooms, which had kept a man leaning against the railings outside for full half-an-hour. Presently the voice ceased, but still he leant there, his broad shoulders against the railings, his head bent upon his chest, until the evening shadows almost blotted out his figure in the patch of darkness which lay beyond the circle of light thrown by the lamp. It was a figure which might just as well be blotted out from the gaze of the light-hearted and careless, an utterly miserable, hopeless figure in every drooping line of it, from the bent head to the worn out boots: the figure of a man who had gone down in the world and was exceedingly unlikely ever to come up again. Yet the man in the ragged coat leaning against the railings looked a gentleman still, if you gave him more than a passing glance: had not yet lost that unmistakable air of good breeding which belongs only to gentlemen, and to but few of them.

Not that he gave anyone much chance of seeing what he was like; indeed, he never once lifted his head, until a brougham drove up to the house and stood waiting. Then he raised it eagerly, and fixed his eyes upon the door, such eyes as a man might look with who waited to see his dead again after long years.

When, after a while, the door opened, it let a flood of light out on to the steps, driving the hopeless figure further and deeper into the dark. And through the light came the figure of a woman, a woman fair as a flower, with the softness of falling lace about her, and the scent of roses.

She turned at the carriage door, and spoke to the servant who held it open. And at the sound of her voice the face of the man listening quivered all over. Then he stood quite still again while the carriage rolled away, quite still for full ten minutes, before he gathered himself together and followed it up through the gay lighted streets to the address she had given.

Rain had begun to fall, thick and soft, and here there was no scent of flowers, no woman's voice singing. But still he waited patiently until she came again.

There was a man with her this time, talking to her eagerly, gladly. The gas-light fell full upon his smooth head, on his gay handsome face, on the flower in his button-hole, and the watcher drew back a step into the shadow.

"Johnnie Carstairs," he murmured. "He was a boy when I went away."

The woman smiled good-bye, her fair face framed for a moment in the carriage

window, the scent of her roses sweet on the night air, and Johnnie Carstairs stood looking after her, with that look that comes but once in a lifetime into a man's eyes, and but for one woman. The ragged man in the shadow watched him until he roused himself to light a cigarette and, hailing a passing hansom, drove away.

Then the man moved too, and went slowly down to where the lights of the Embankment streamed through the softly falling rain.

"Gwen was always fond of Johnnie, when they were boy and girl together," he thought. He was too miserable, too hopeless,

too utterly broken down for jealousy. Fortune had knocked this man down once too often. He had got up, and fought again pluckily enough after the first few blows, then with failing strength and spirit, at last not at all. He would

never get up again.

Fate had bereft him of all things save bare existence. Surely it would be kind at last, and take that too now he had seen her again. How pretty she was. How pretty, and sweet. She had forgotten. Johnnie too, and Johnnie had loved him well in the old days. He would have liked to have shaken his hand once more, and wished him luck, if he could have done it without letting them know to what depths of poverty he had fallen. That had been

the difficulty all through.

It had always been impossible to him to even seem to ask for help. He would have died—was going to die—silently, sooner than take it. But no one had ever dreamt of this.

People do not suspect a man with the height and breadth of the heroes of being as sensitive as a woman.

To those who had known and loved him best, this man had gone abroad and forgotten them. He was always a careless fellow about writing.

And so it came about, that the woman with the fair face had gone home to kneel before his photograph, and pray for him, and sleep with his last letter against her heart, as women will, while he leant over the broad balustrade by the river, with the hopelessness of hell in his heart, and the hot tears dropping between his fingers upon the stone below. He had not cried since he was a boy at school, when his mother died, not even when he had said good-bye to Gwen. But he was beaten now, hopelessly beaten, and it is an ugly feeling.



"AND THROUGH THE LIGHT CAME THE FIGURE OF A WOMAN"

He stayed on, undisturbed for a wonder, in the dark recess he had chosen, and it was not until the chill of the early morning struck coldly through his rain sodden clothes that he roused himself again, and faced the problem of what he should do with the last thing that was left to him. I think it was only the fact that it required a little extra exertion which prevented him from attempting to get rid of that last and most troublesome possession of his then and there. As it was, he leant over the edge of the stone coping, and watched the dark volume of water flowing steadily below with dull eyes.

A glow of coming light was over-spreading the eastern sky, striking a silvery rippling pathway up the centre of the river, and presently a boat came in sight, with the dark figure of a man, rowing leisurely, and a girl wrapped in a white shawl.

The girl was laughing, a glad girl's laugh, and through the morning's stillness the breeze brought the sound to the man above as they passed. And straightway at the sight of the boat, and the sound of that girlish laugh, the scene before him was blotted out.

The sluggish river with its dark moored barges, the tier on tier of roofs and houses, vanished; and instead, the water was running blue and clear with little ripples of sunlight laughing on its breast, and the banks were thick with tall reed grasses and yellow iris and forget-me-nots. And above were leafy trees through which the sky shone, like one big turquoise, and all around stretched the green meadows and flowering reaches of the Upper Thames.

And her face was there, and the ripple of her laughter. What a happy little soul she had been in those days. Was she so gay always still? Oh God! Oh God! And he had been happy too, so happy. And with the remembrance came a wild desire to see that sunny river with its flower sweet banks again. He would be able to solve his problem better there, and turning on that sudden impulse, he made his way towards Westminster Bridge. He had exactly two shillings in his pockets, it would take him as far as Hampton Court he thought, and so passed over the bridge, a hopeless, ragged, broken-down figure.

And just then, the woman who was fair as a flower, turning in her sleep, murmured softly "Ned!"

CHAPTER II.

IT was a week later, a week of unclouded sunshine. He had been spending the time towing boats up the stretch of river which lies between Hampton Court and Sunbury. In fine weather it is a paying business, and he had earned enough to pay for decent food and lodging and to buy a couple of new shirts. Perhaps a pair of boots would have been a wiser purchase, but the gentleman's instinctive love for clean linen had over-ruled prudence. Besides, his present boots, though worn, might serve his purpose until the cool touch of death brought rest to his tired feet, although, what with the sunshine, the work and a sufficiency of food, the settling of the problem had for the time fallen into abeyance.

Then came a day of pouring rain, a wetting to the skin, and an awakening the next morning with aching limbs and a racking cough. But it was a fine morning, with a fresh wind blowing from the south-east—such a day as people sail up-stream to Sunbury and are glad to find a man on the bank to tow them down again instead of sculling against the wind-chopped waves. So he made his way up to where, just below Sunbury Lock, the forget-me-nots grow thickly along the banks, and behind the towing-path the fields are golden with buttercups and the hedges are starred with wild roses.

Sitting there waiting, his towing-rope in his hand, his head upon his breast, he thought and thought of kindly Death, who stills all pain. He was so tired; and down there the water was so still and cool. He would sleep deep, so deep that no morning light would ever wake him again to the emptiness, the misery, the hope-

lessness of his life. No memories of by-gone days which could never come again would torture that great sleep.

How long was he there, was it minutes, or years, or ages, before out of the void fell suddenly, just at his feet, something soft and white, and sweet with the scent of violets?

Gwen used to wear violets always, long ago, in the spring time.

He took the thing up as one in a dream. Just a woman's handkerchief. And across the corner, woven in fine thread, her name, "Gwen."

Then a voice broke upon his dream, a voice that was sweet and imperious both at once. The voice of one who reigns as a queen in the Woman's Kingdom. And looking up as he saw her standing, slender and straight and beautiful, against the golden glow of the sun, and all around her feet the blue forget-me-nots, for she had drawn her boat in amongst them, and was holding on to the tall reed grasses with one slim, sunburnt hand.

"Will you give me my handkerchief, please?" she said. "The wind blew it on shore."

He rose up, drawing his hat low over his eyes. She would never recognise him, he thought, as he moved towards her, and gave the handkerchief into her outstretched hand. But, as her fingers closed over it, the words of thanks died suddenly upon her lips. Her eyes were fixed upon the hand that had given it, fixed eagerly, with a curious dilation of the pupils, and her cheeks paled suddenly. With a swift movement she sprang from the boat, and looked up into his eyes. Then she broke into a little cry.

"Ned!" she said. "Oh Ned! Ned!"

He fought for his voice for a moment, white to his very lips. "I did not think you would have known me," he said.

"Not know you?" She laughed, a little odd, glad laugh, which yet was full of pain and tears. "Why, I knew your hands even, the moment I looked at them."

Then she held out both her own, and took his in them, her eyes all wet.

"I always liked your hands," she said. And then, for the poverty-stricken misery of his appearance had gone to her very heart, she bent her head and kissed them, kissed them again and again with soft, pitiful kisses.

There was no one about, luckily. Not that she would have cared. There are some few moments in life when one forgets the world.

"Don't! Oh don't!" he said hoarsely. "My dear, my darling, you must not; I have not a penny in the world. I am a common working man. Not fit for you to touch."

She flung up her head, her face bright with a sudden crimson. "If you were a beggar lying in a ditch," she said, "if you were a hunted criminal on the face of the earth, I would sooner starve with you than reign a queen with any other man." Then she broke down again suddenly, looking at the ragged coat, the worn out boots. The tears ran down her cheeks. "Oh my poor boy. My poor boy," she said.

He looked down on her with the tears in his own eyes. "Gwen! Gwen!" he said, "don't care like that. See, I am really all right. I," with an unsteady attempt at a laugh, "I am making quite a lot of money now, and I shall soon get something else to do. Go away and forget me, Gwen. Don't think about me any more. You *must* not."

For all her answer she moved a little nearer and clutched his sleeve tightly with her fingers.

"Don't dear," he said again. "Someone might see you. And they would not understand. I am only a towing man. Gwen, dear, let me help you into the boat again."

"You will come too? You must come too."

He hesitated a moment. "I might just scull you down," he said, struggling

with an overwhelming desire to be with her a little longer, and his fear, for her sake, that they might be seen together. "People will only think I am a boatman."

"Yes, yes," she said. "Only come. See, we will go to the little creek in the backwater. You remember: where we used to sit. And you shall tell me all about everything."

He shook his head. "I will just row you down to Hampton Court, if that is where you are going," he said.

Her lip quivered for a moment. "Don't you want to be with me?" she asked. "Have you forgotten all about me, Ned? I—I am such an old friend."

"Oh, my dear," he groaned. "Don't you understand that a towing-man is no companion for you? I am only thinking of you."

"Then think that I love you," she said, with a break in her voice. "Think that this is the first happy time I have had since you went away. Think that I have prayed God night and morning to send you back again. Oh, I know—perhaps you do not care for me like that still. It is five years ago since you did. But I am not ashamed to tell you how much I care—for then perhaps you will let me help you a little—be your friend at least——"

The strain was becoming too great. Nothing but the fact that they were in mid-stream and that he had to attend to the sculls saved him. With a swift, fierce movement he turned the boat and rowed for the creek of which she had spoken. "I love you," he said deep in his throat. "My God, how I love you." And for a while they both were silent amid the glow of sunlight and ripple of water.

When the boat was moored she broke the silence, pushing the soft hair back from her forehead and looking at him with wide, wet eyes.

"It is really you, Ned! Really you. Oh, I am so glad. Tell me all about it. All about everything."

And he told—with the sunlight dancing on the water outside, on the leafy canopy above, and all around the blue of the forget-me-nots, and close to him her face. Ah, heaven! How sweet it was, how sweet and yet how bitter. For the man looked into the future, while the woman thought only of the present—told of the hard struggle, the many ups and downs of his life far away, and finally of the careful and laborious massing up of a few hundreds, sufficient to bring him home to try a fresh start in England. Then of weeks of pain and unconsciousness, from which he awoke to find every penny of his little fortune, his watch, his clothes, everything, stolen.

"I think if they had not taken those links you gave me—do you remember?" he said. "Your last present before I went away. I think if they had not taken those I would have stood up again and tried another bout with Fortune. But somehow that was the last straw. I had just one idea left. To get home to England and see you again before I threw up the sponge. So I shipped before the mast——"

She gave a little cry of pain and held out both her hands to him, while the tears ran down her cheeks. "Oh Ned, my Ned!"

But he was a brave man still where she was concerned, and stayed where he was. "See," he said gently. "Do not cry. I have come home safely and seen you again, and had this one good hour. Let us be happy in it, dear. Tell me of yourself, and all the old friends, and of what you have been doing these five years——"

So she told him, building castles for the future as she told. "We will do this and that, you and I."

You and I. And he knew it all would never be. Never. Never.

"To-morrow!" she said, when they parted at the lock gates. "To-morrow."

And "To-morrow," he answered back, knowing that for him there was no to-morrow. Nothing for him ever any more, save that great void, in which he alone existed, he and his suffering. Only she must never know. His beautiful

love, who had been faithful to him all these years, who had cried over him, and kissed his hands. His! He would never drag her down to his level—never, though he tore his heart out in giving her up.

So he went home and wrote to her. His limbs were aching, and his head felt queer and dizzy. But, after all, there was not much to say.

"Had I been worth anything," he wrote, "I should not be where I am to-day. And you, who are above the best man on earth, must not stoop to me. Before you get this I shall have started again for abroad. Do not worry about me. I have



"THEN SHE BROKE INTO A LITTLE CRY

got"—he stopped for a moment, smiling bitterly, then wrote on with a steady hand—"a very good billet."

That was all. A man does not write much when his heart is broken.

He took the letter out and posted it. Through the heavy mist of pain and weariness which clouded his mind he seemed only capable of two ideas: to post that letter, and then to get away to some lonely spot, and solve the problem. So he posted the letter, and dragged himself home to wait for the dawn.

They brought her the letter while she sat at breakfast, thinking, "In so many hours I shall see him again," and as she read it her heart seemed to stop beating, and all the pretty colour ebbed from her cheeks.

"Oh, God," she prayed, "don't let him go away again. I cannot bear it."

And then (for a woman who is faithful to one man through five years of silence, and in the teeth of the devotion of many another good fellow, is not made of ordinary material) she came to a sudden determination.

Her old aunt, nodding over toast and tea, called after her as she left the room: "Remember, Johnnie comes at twelve to ride with you," and so sat thinking how well things had turned out, how providential had been the failure and disappearance of her niece's old lover, and what a lovely Lady Carstairs she would make, until Gwen was half the way to Hampton Court.

Pretty Gwen! Her poor, brave heart was torn by many a qualm before she found herself in the dingy back room where the man who had given her up lay raving with fever. But she knew she had done well when his hands grasped her's as a drowning man grasps at a straw, and in the strange hoarse voice of the fever-stricken he called to her as from some unfathomable depth.

"Gwen! Gwen! It is all no use. The water was so deep and cool. And I was so tired. But it is all no use. I must go on for ever and ever, alone, in hell. For ever and ever Gwen. And I shall never see you again Gwen, because you belong to heaven —"

Three weeks later, worn to a shadow, and weak as a baby, he made her one last appeal to leave him to his fate.

"What shall I do if you send me away?" she asked, from the window where she was sitting. "Do you know, I have been nursing you for three weeks, and that Aunt Mervyn says I shall never set foot inside her doors again?"

"Oh, Gwen! Gwen! And I have nothing in the world."

"But I, I have enough for you and me."

"If you knew what a cur I feel. To drag you down —" his voice broke with pain and weakness.

She crossed the room and knelt beside him, her beautiful face wan with those three weeks of suspense and watching, and all wet with tears, yet bright exceedingly.

"You did not drag me down," she said. "I came. There is no heaven for me without you, unless it were to suffer pain in hell that you might be glad in the Light."

And he answered her nothing. You cannot say much with a lump in your throat and tears in your eyes, and besides he was thinking how in heaven or earth, or the waters under the earth, there was no such great and awful void as he had feared, for any man, be he what he may, while a woman loves him and is faithful.

Young England at School.

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' SCHOOL, PINNER.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS, commercial men travelling, and travellers of all classes, cannot help being acquainted with the imposing pile of buildings which forms one of the landmarks of the London and North Western Railway.

For several years the picturesque School has served to acquaint passengers journeying to London that their destination is close at hand, while, at the same time, it exhibits that appeal which touches one and all—"Supported by Voluntary Contributions."

The Institution is situated close to Pinner Station, London and North Western Railway, in the County of Middlesex and almost within the shadow of that world-famous educational seat, Harrow—but the chief feature of its locality is the delightful rural country which surrounds it, a suburb foremost amongst the most healthy metropolitan districts.

The Schools cannot be treated as under the heading of "Public Schools," a term which has a significant meaning in the educational world, for it is truly a benevolent foundation launched into existence just fifty years ago, by the energy and combination of a few commercial travellers, whose object was to establish a charitable institution for the education of orphan and necessitous children of their brethren "on the road." In the Board Room at the School is an interesting document which, as years go by, will increase in historic value amongst the old associations of the Institution.

This relic is the original list of the first money subscribed, the heading of which reads as follows:—

"We, the undersigned commercial travellers, impressed with the importance of founding a school for the education of orphans and children of commercial travellers, do earnestly appeal to the mercantile world and the public to assist us in establishing such an Institution, and we severally agree to subscribe the sums set opposite our respective names for the purpose, and to evince our anxiety to forward the desired object." Signed by John Robert Cuffley, ten guineas, and by twenty-two others for a similar amount.

Mr. J. R. Cuffley is credited as the actual founder, and a fine painting of the gentleman adorns the Board Room, the gift of Mr. James Toleman of Goswell Road, London.

Mr. Cuffley appears to have worked in the interest of the commercial travellers for several years prior to his signing the document already cited, and it would be unfair to pass on with a mere reference to his name without giving the following statements of facts which are engrossed on vellum and placed as an introduction to the document already quoted, and as an interesting record of the most benevolent friend to commercial travellers' orphans:—

"The Origin of The Commercial Travellers' School.—Mr. John Robert Cuffley, of London, an able and energetic traveller, was founder of the Commercial

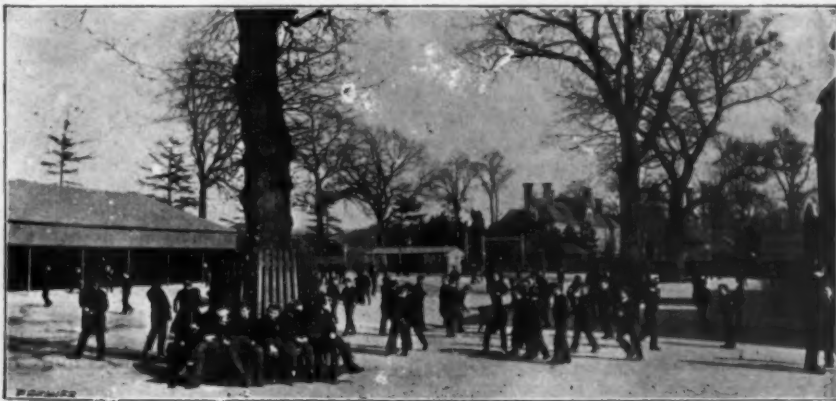
Travellers' Schools, and the first subscriber to the funds of that Institution. The schools were first opened at Wanstead, to receive orphan children, in the year 1847, but Mr. Cuffley had advocated their establishment, both among commercial travellers and their principals, for many years previously, and had received numerous promises of support. Nearly ten years before the formal opening of the Schools a



THE SCIENCE CLASS ROOMS AND SWIMMING BATH

life assurance company desired to have Mr. Cuffley's services to augment their business, and they came to an agreement with him, one of the conditions being that one-sixteenth of their annual profits should be devoted to the founding and maintenance of schools for the orphan children of commercial travellers.

"Under this agreement an annual payment was made until the business was amalgamated with the Eagle Assurance Company, when the charge was redeemed by paying to the Schools £2,100. As soon as it appeared that the scheme for founding the Schools could be successfully carried out, the document hereto appended (as above) was drawn up, and Mr. Cuffley headed the list with a subscription of ten guineas, and was followed by other gentlemen with similar amounts."



THE BOYS' PLAYGROUND

It is thus seen that the project was first brought to light at Wanstead, in Essex, where a large house with extensive grounds was soon found unable to cope with the demands made upon it, and as the funds became augmented, a larger establishment became possible, and the present site at Pinner was chosen by the Governors.

Probably the most imposing view of the School is that obtained as you enter the gates, where a circular carriage-drive leads to the main entrance, on each side of which are choice rose trees in full bloom, in the ornamentally laid out grounds, which gives an air of importance and taste to the fine red-brick building which forms the back ground. The most casual visitor to the Institution cannot help being impressed by the unique manner in which the Schools and grounds are kept, whereby there is a total absence of the Charity Asylum aspect, which would mar the happiness of the occupants; but on the other hand the main objects of the Board of Management appear to me to be, that the whole place should be made as inviting and homely as is conducive to the comforts of the little lads and lasses who are sheltered by the bounty of the benevolent.

The Head Master, Mr. W. F. Richards, is one of those genial old gentlemen, whose every wrinkle denotes kindness and fatherly affection. He has occupied his present position for 38 years and exhibits the tenderest affection for those left in his charge. In Mr. Richards the visitor will find a most jovial and communicative host, ready and willing to throw open his schools and impart all information that would be interesting to his enquirer.

Miss Rance, the Head Mistress, is a lady who has won the affection of all her pupils, while Mrs. Tillam, the Matron, convinces one that the children lack little in her motherly care.

The interior of the establishment is quite consistent with the external arrangements, and everything has been studied so as to insure health, and prevent overcrowding, while the sanitary arrangements throughout are of the most modern and approved type.

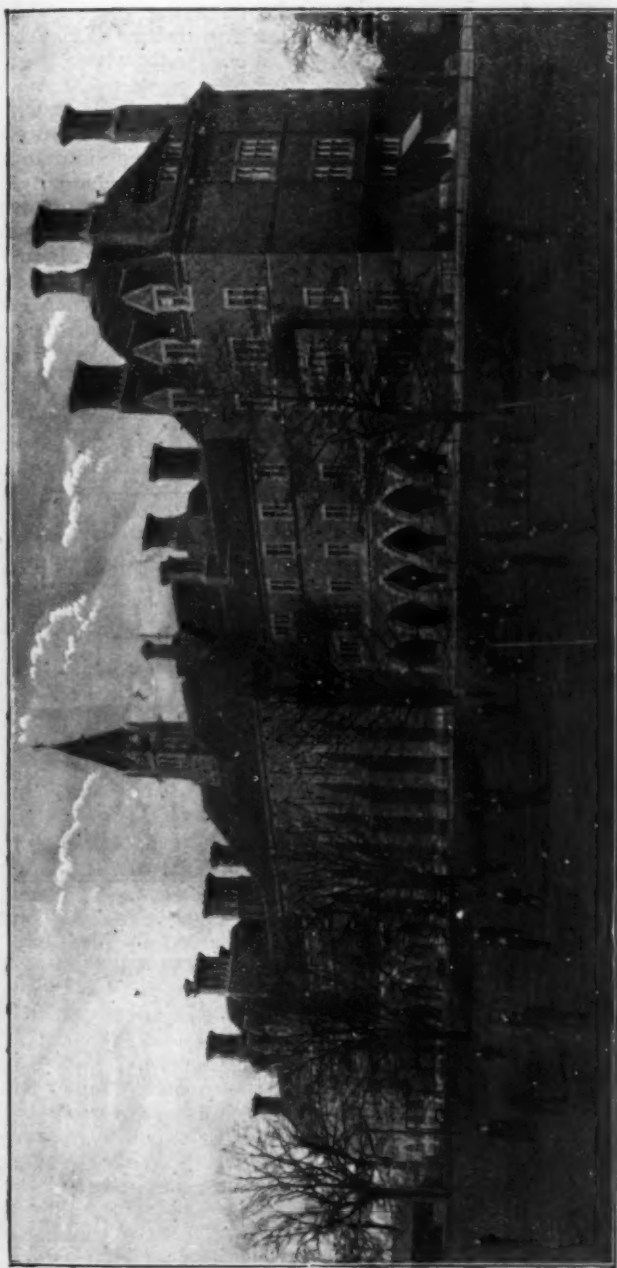
The class-rooms are numerous, the principal boys' schoolroom, as will be seen from our illustration, is a noble, lofty room, which can be screened off so as to admit of several classes at once without interference. The dormitories on the upper floors are of the open type, but every care has been taken to allow for plenty of light and air and sufficient cubic space for each bed, one of which is allotted to each boarder.

It is also interesting to notice, when going over the buildings, the special precautions taken against loss of life in case of fire, the arrangements being so complete that should such a catastrophe arise I fail to see how any single life could be lost. One important item in this department is the placing of a key in a glass box against all doors that are required, in ordinary, to be fastened; by this course it can always be seen if it is in its right place, and in case of emergency, anyone in peril can, by breaking the glass, make his or her escape.

The chief buildings detached from the main building are the science and art class rooms, the gymnasium, the infirmary, and the farm buildings. The science and art building is a more recent addition, and fitted with apparatus suitable for tuition in the higher educational grades. The gymnasium, which adjoins the asphalted playground, serves as a bath in summer months—for gymnastics in winter.

The infirmary is indeed one to be proud of, and conspicuous amongst the group of buildings, but I am informed that it seldom has an occupant. Well! this speaks well for Pinner, and for the Guardians of its School; "Better pay the butcher than the doctor."

Like a few other schools the Commercial Travellers have provided their Institution with its own farm, consisting of forty acres of good pasture, orchard and garden, the product of which enables the school to be provided with its own milk, butter, etc.



THE SCHOOLS (FRONT VIEW)

Mr. Richards has also the management of this branch, and the results at the end of the year prove him to be as successful a farmer as he is a schoolmaster.

The establishment will accommodate 350 pupils, and at the present time the schools are full, and numerous deserving cases still seek the aid of the Governors. There is no rule governing the proportions of each sex admissible to the foundation, but for some time past the numbers have been, boys two-thirds, and girls one third.

An excellent and efficient staff of masters study the children's wants both in school, and on the playing fields; in fact, the Commercial Travellers' Schools is worked with a harmony that is conspicuous to the most exacting and scrutinising visitor.

The girls are dressed in a becoming style, plainly, but with neatness, while the boys are attired in ordinary clothes, with soft cap and yellow stripes, most probably the School's colours on the cricket field.

In the winter, football is played in the spacious grounds selected, and the first

at which the masters join. The Association rules are those eleven contains some excellent little exponents of the game.

During the summer months the click of the willow echoes from the vast buildings,

and at intervals some interesting cricket is witnessed by the numerous visitors and friends of the Institution. One of the chief fixtures is a match with the C.T.S. Old Boys, who are only too pleased to visit the haunts of their youth, where they always are heartily welcomed.

It is almost too early to expect a long list of famous men who have emanated from the School, but still it should be mentioned that such a list is in existence, and the Commercial Travellers' School can be credited with having sent into the professional and commercial world men who are steadily climbing the ladder of fame and who look back upon their School with pride and take an interest in its welfare.

There are three Scholarships, value £75 a year, presented by George Moore, Esq., George Stockdale, Esq. and Sampson Copestake, Esq., and an Exhibition of £40 yearly for writing and arithmetic, founded by Thomas Tapling, Esq.

Dr. H. Montagu Butler, Head Master of Trinity, Cambridge, showed deep interest in the Schools when Head Master of Harrow School, by founding a Scholarship of £75 per year for three years, this, of course, has now terminated.

The boys successful in obtaining these Scholarships go to King's College for the purpose of studying the higher branch of education.

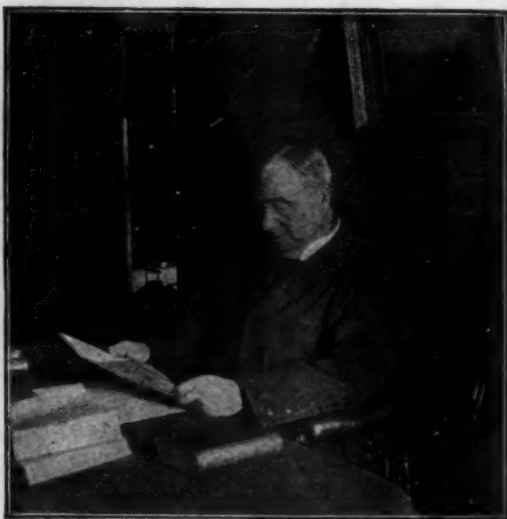
One of the principal masters at the City of London School is an old boy of the Commercial Travellers' School and is a keen worker on behalf of his old Institution, whilst another of the old pupils is an earnest member of the Board of Management.

For the girls, James Hughes, Esq., and Henry Bollen, Esq., each founded a £75 scholarship, and besides these there are five Foundation Scholarships, two for boys, presented by John Wilson, Esq., one for one girl, presented by Mrs. John Wilson and two for one boy and one girl the gift of John Kidd, Esq.

The visitor to the School, when he surveys the number of little ones being tended, fed, and educated in a excellent home, cannot help but inquire, from what source the treasury is being filled, to the tune of £11,000 per year, which it at least needs to meet current expenses. This has been met by the co-operation of the commercial travellers throughout the country, but the greatest support has been from prominent and well-known firms who send men out on the road, and are aware of the trials and temptations they are subjected to while working for their interests.

The greatest credit, however, reflects upon the Managing Committee and the Secretary, Mr. H. A. Evans, who sits at the receipt of custom in Milk Street, Cheapside, E.C., alive to every turn whereby the finances of the charity might be increased.

Previous to my visit to Pinner it was my pleasure to meet this respected official in his sanctum, and I was told by Mr. Evans that in spite of the valuable aid the governing committee received from the local committees in the various towns,



THE HEAD MASTER—W. F. RICHARDS, ESQ.

more help was required to cope with the increasing demands made upon the Institution.

Numerous benevolent commercial men have given legacies to the Schools which yield a considerable income, but totally insufficient to provide for the good work that is being carried on, without the help annually given, and subscriptions at dinners held at the various centres in aid of the foundation.

Many people might argue that commercial travellers are well-paid men, and should, therefore, be able to provide for their homes, but to the uninitiated I would say that commercial men "on the road" have no more money than they can do with, and if they are successful for their firm it very often means at their own expense.

Every commercial man should strain every nerve to follow the example, as far as lies in his power, of Mr. Cuffley, for he never knows when sickness or death may overtake him, and it is but the few who can leave a provision for their families if suddenly death calls them.

All young travellers should, therefore, remember that amongst the Old School there was a certain amount of freemasonry, and the object was to assist and befriend one another, whilst in the field of competition, and it is therefore their duty when selecting that life, to support the Institution that has done such good

work for the past fifty years amongst the calling they have elected to follow.

There is also another class who could be of good service to the Commercial Travellers' Institution if they would only follow the example set them by others in the same line. I mean the proprietors of Com-



THE LARGE HALL



THE "JAMES HUGHES" DORMITORY

mercial Hotels, who are yearly catering for commercial travellers and consequently better able to place the cause before those who should contribute than any other I know.

One of the greatest friends of the Schools is Sir H. W. Peek, Bart., who occupies the presidential chair and takes a keen interest in the Institution.

Mr. D. R. Harvest, Treasurer, Mr. Alfred Machin, as Chairman of the Board, Mr. W. W. Thompson, Deputy Chairman, Mr. H. S. Way, and Mr. T. B. Woolley, are names that will be written, with many others, largely in the history of the Schools for the zeal they have shown in promoting the success of the Institution.

I feel that to mention names in so short an account of the Schools is somewhat a mistake, for there are so many who have played an important part in supporting the establishment that richly deserve mention. But space prohibits my going further, and I feel convinced that they will agree with me when I say that the success of the Commercial Travellers' Schools at Pinner was the main object of their generosity than any other object.

The present year, 1895, is the Jubilee of the Schools, and it is hoped that the result of the efforts being made throughout the country to mark this important event will be such as the Institution richly deserves.

Alderman Sir Reginald Hanson, Bart., M.P., has consented to preside at the Jubilee Festival Dinner on December 12th next, and on this particular occasion there could be no more fitting President than the head of one of the most important firms in the City of London.

Amongst the notable men, the late Charles Dickens has been twice Chairman at the Annual Festival Dinners, and when presiding in 1859 he made the following remarks:

"In endowing and maintaining such an Institution as the Commercial Travellers' Schools, commercial travellers must raise themselves both in their own esteem and in the public regard. I hope sincerely that the time is not far distant when the commercial traveller who does not belong to this Institution will be a rare and isolated case."

May the Jubilee year bring the fulfilment of this hope.

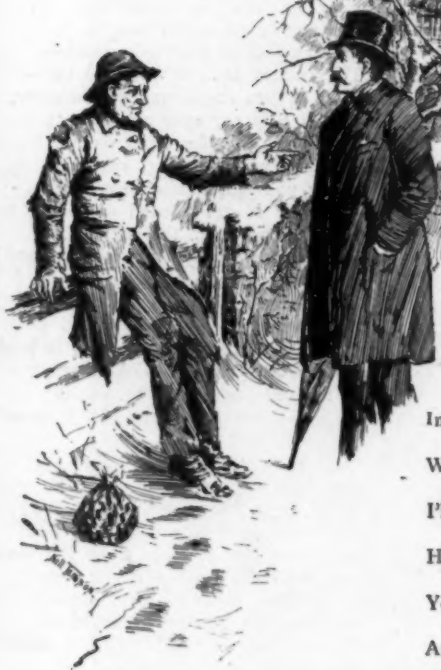
WM. CHAS. SARGENT.



"JIM"

A TRAMP'S STORY

BY W. J. FROST.



KIN I tell yer what's the matter?

In course I kin, sir, for why,

Ain't Jim and I bin pals, sir,

And they say he's like to die?

'Tis only a tramp run over;

A tramp as was good to me,
Who'd spend or share his last penny,

As honest and game as could be.

The curious part on it happens—

But I'd best begin at the start,

Then you'll understand when I say, sir,

That even a tramp's got a heart.

We was comin' over the bridge, there,

And the sun was shinin' out gay,

Jim all the mornin' was lonesome

And had very little to say.

Thinkin' of "days gone for ever,"

As he often-times said to me

Whenever I axed what his thoughts was—

He was allus open and free.

He'd bin in a better position,

Had houses, and plenty of gold;

His was a terrible story,

Though I fancy I'm makin' too bold

In speakin' to you about this, sir.

What! You'd like to hear all I know?

Well, if you like to stop and to listen,

Why, I ain't the one to say no.

I'll never get tired of talkin'

Of all poor Jim's done for me,

How he nussed me through sickness and fever,

How tender and kind he could be.

You'd a'most think 'twas a woman

Puttin' the pillows all right

And doin' the place up a treat, sir,

Before he turned in for the night.

You want to know more about Jim, sir,

Before he had fallen so low?

Well, I guess from the bits as he's told me,

He met with a terrible blow.

Surrounded by friends, wealth, and plenty,

Respected and honoured by all,

He signed his name to some papers,

And that was the cause of his fall.

The "friend" who had got him to do it

Never paid up when 'twas due,

And Jim had to find all the money—

Whatever's the matter with you?

You come over then just as white

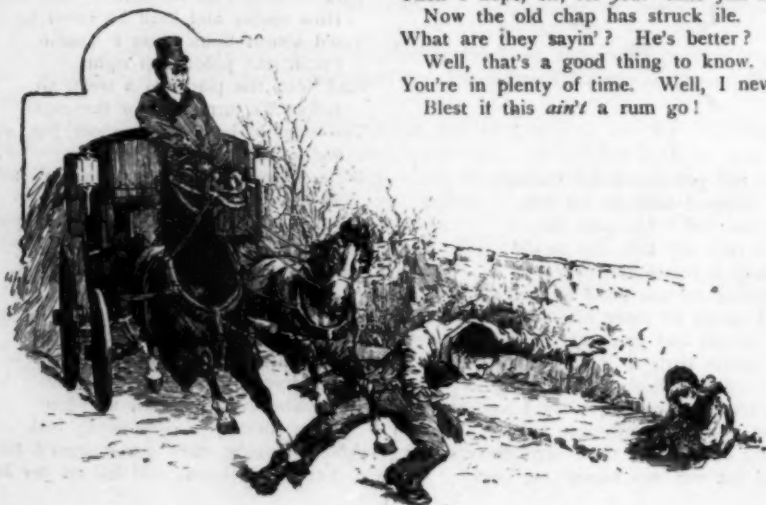
As a sheet in a eight-penny bed,

And I thought when you stagger'd back

You'd ha' slipped and fell on yer head.

Howsom'ever, as I was a-sayin',
 Jim had to pay up for his friend;
 But even then Fortune was frowning,
 His troubles had not found an end.
 For after he gave up his all, sir,
 With a firmness nothing could daunt,
 Gave up his wealth and his houses
 And braved starvation and want,
 His wife, what he doated on, died, sir—
 She never recovered the crash—
 And Jim's money, his hopes, his heart, sir,
 Was swallowed up in the smash.
 Jim took to drinkin', sir, awful,
 And the child his wife left behind
 Was cared for by one of Jim's sisters—
 An act as was lovin' and kind.
 Jim took to roamin' about, sir,
 Never once carin' a jot
 So long as the child he called Nellie
 Hadn't to put up with his lot.
 How did the accident happen? Well,
 I thought I told yer just now;
 'Twas savin' the life of a youngster,
 Though I don't exactly know how.
 The life of an angel, I should say,
 An angel all bright and fair;
 There, sir, she stands on the pavement,
 That child with the golden hair.
 We was comin' over the bridge, there,
 Both of us feelin' quite low,
 For the bells was ringin' for Christmas
 And we hadn't nowheres to go.
 All at once I hears a loud shout,
 Looks up, and there I sees Jim.

He'd a child in his arms when I saw him;
 Then my eyes sort o' got a bit dim,
 For I noticed a carriage and hosses,
 A tearin' along down the road,
 Ketch Jim as he got to the gutter
 Holdin' aloft his light load.
 He chucked her safe on the pavement,
 Then fell straight down in the mud,
 And when they went for to raise him,
 His face was covered in blood.
 The hosses had kicked him, the carriage
 Had gone clean over his chest,
 And they do say Jim is that bad, sir,
 He's like to go to his rest.
 But the curious part of it happens—
 'Tis stranger than fiction, you bet—
 The gal as Jim saved was his daughter,
 (I can't help my eyes gettin' wet),
 The Nellie he'd spoke of so often,
 The babe what he'd left long ago.
 The lady you see standin' near her's
 The sister what lightened the blow.
 But, pardon me axin' the question,
 Will yer see how Jim's gettin' on now?
 If I go to the house in these rags
 Most like they'll kick up a row.
 Trust he won't die? So do I, sir!
 What! Knew him when he was in wealth?
 Then why did yer want to kid me
 To tell yer Jim's story by stealth?
 What! You was the man—well I never!—
 The swell what bolted away?
 Bin out in New York ever since,
 And only returned home to-day?
 Well, of all the rum goes, this is one!
 You've managed to make a big pile?
 Then I hope, sir, for *your* sake Jim lives,
 Now the old chap has struck ile.
 What are they sayin'? He's better?
 Well, that's a good thing to know.
 You're in plenty of time. Well, I never!
 Bless it if this *ain't* a rum go!



Women of Note.



[From a photo by Watery

LADY COLIN CAMPBELL.

TO the general public Lady Colin Campbell is best known as a woman of exceptional literary ability, a frequent contributor to the *Saturday Review* and the *World*, and the founder of the *Realm*, of which journal she is also the joint-editor, her colleague being Mr. W. Earl Hodgson. The *Realm* is not yet a year old, but its reputation is of a sort that many an older journal might envy. As an essayist and novelist Lady Colin has won many laurels, and among other works which have been received favourably may be mentioned the *Book of the Running Brook*, a volume on English fresh water fish, and *Darell Blake*,

a charming novel. Lady Colin, however, does not confine herself entirely to literary work, and before the illness which prostrated her last winter, her name frequently appeared in the programmes of concerts given for the benefit of hospitals and other charitable institutions. She studied under Baci and Tosti and her voice has therefore been cultivated to its fullest extent. Her favourite composers are Verdi, Wagner and Gounod. Lady Colin derives her talent for painting from her father, who was himself a clever artist and connoisseur. Her earlier life was spent in Italy, where she became a pupil of Duveneck in Florence. Having travelled much, she has had frequent opportunities for visiting the most famous art collections in Europe, and of comparing the different schools of painting. Of modern English painters Lady Colin gives the preference to the work of Watts and Burne-Jones. A woman's home should express in some degree the tastes, aspirations, and occupations of the owner. And this is the case in Carlisle Mansions, Westminster, where Lady Colin Campbell has pitched her tent, and

surrounded herself with possessions which are not only beautiful in themselves, but are associated by tender memories with many scenes and circumstances of the past. Here, under the shadow of St. Stephen's, and within sound of Big Ben, has most of her best work been done.

LADY CAREW.

OF the many lovely women who grace the London season, giving the writer of *vers de société* at once a subject for his art, and an excuse for his own existence, none is more admired than the beautiful Lady Carew, the wife of Lord Carew, of Castle Boro, County Wexford. The accompanying photograph can give but an inadequate idea of the beauty of a face, whose complexion owes much to the clear Irish



LADY CAREW

[From a photo by Bassano]

air in which Lady Carew, an expert in angling, and other outdoor sports, spends much of her time when at home. During the time of her girlhood, Lady Carew visited Persia with her mother and sister, and the Shah, who had not until then seen any English children, received his visitors with becoming hospitality. Later on, in 1886, when staying in this country, the Shah presented to Lady Carew a large uncut ruby, set in a gold ring, which bears a Persian inscription, as a memorial of her early visit to his country. This ring has found a place among the many treasured heirlooms at Castle Boro.

MADAME NORDICA.

THE widow of the late Mr. Gower, known to the

musical world as Madame Nordica, is of American birth, and studied for her profession at Boston Conservatoire of Music, where she greatly distinguished herself. She completed her musical education, however, in Italy. Her chief triumph on the operatic stage has been in the impersonation of Marguerita in Gounod's *Faust*. The composer regards her renderings of this part as only second in point of merit to that of Madame Patti. This charming and popular prima donna has entered into an engagement with Messrs. Abbey and Grau for the ensuing operatic season in America. One of the principal parts in which Madame Nordica will display her talents will be Isolde in Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, and the tenor part is to be sung by M. Jean de Reszke. Forty-eight performances have been arranged for, and for each appearance the fortunate singer will receive no less than one thousand dollars.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT.

SEASON after season this wonderful actress appears in our midst to win fresh laurels and to show us to what perfection the art of acting can be carried. Madame



[From a photo by Window & Grove

MADAME NORDICA

possesses the true fire of genius and holds her audience with a subtle fascination. It is not, however, entirely upon her own powers that Madame Bernhardt relies. None know better than she that success depends upon a well-chosen company, a powerful and well-staged play and attention to detail in the matters of costume and accessories. One of twelve children of a French barrister and a Dutch lady of Jewish family, the redoubtable Sarah, in the days of her youth, was compelled to dispense with many of the luxuries her own talents have made possible in later



MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT AS FEDORA

years; and in 1859, when a girl of fifteen, she was obliged to choose her vocation. She hesitated whether to take to the convent or the stage, but finally decided in favour of the latter, and commenced studying at the Paris Conservatoire. Though during the earlier portion of her dramatic career her zeal and industry were indefatigable, she does not appear to have distinguished herself to any great extent; and not till she appeared as Lanetto in Coppée's *Passant* were her talents and her charm recognised by the public. Of the many rôles she has since played, doubtless some interesting particulars will be given in the actress's "Memoirs" which she is now preparing for the

press. But of a totally different part—that of Directresse of the Ambulance established at the Odeon Theatre during the Franco-German War—mention should be made *en passant*. This post brought out the best traits of her warm and generous disposition, and she was on duty three nights a week. Not content with the profession of which she is so bright and shining a light, this many-sided woman dabbles with literature, the sculptor's chisel and the artist's brush. Briefly, Madame Bernhardt may be described as a warm-hearted genius, full of whims, freaks and caprices, and erratic to a degree, but of strong

affections, as her love for her son and her romantic marriage with the late M. Damala, a handsome Greek considerably her junior, will testify.

MRS. BERNARD BEERE.

MRS. BERNARD BEERE is a daughter of Mr. Wilby Whitehead, and the widow of E. C. Derring, Esq., son of Sir Edward Derring, Bart. She was prepared

for a dramatic career by Mr. Herman Vezin, but left the stage shortly after her début on the occasion of her marriage. After a short interval, however, she returned to her theatrical life and appeared at the St. James Theatre as Julia in *The Rivals*, also as Lady Sneerwell, Grace Harkaway and Emilia. She has played in most of the leading London theatres, and is invariably well received in the provinces. In 1882 Mrs. Bernard Beere impersonated Balisheba Everdene in *Far from the Madding Crowd* at the Globe, and in 1883 she joined the Haymarket Company to play the title-rôle in Mr. Herman Merivale's version of *Fedora*, and also appeared in *Lords and Commons* and *Diplomacy*. As the heroine in the clever play adapted from



MRS. BERNARD BEERE

Mr. F. C. Philips's novel, *As in a Looking-Glass*, Mrs. Bernard Beere scored another success, which she repeated as the forger's wife in *Jim the Penman*. Less pleasing to the majority of playgoers were her rôles in *Still Waters Run Deep* and *A Woman of No Importance*. Though always a charming and graceful actress, it is in powerful dramas that Mrs. Bernard Beere is seen to the greatest advantage. In her home she delights to surround herself with furniture and decorations brilliant in colouring and of almost Oriental splendour; and her pretty house—Church Cottage, Marylebone—testifies to her taste in this direction.

MISS ADA REHAN.

THOUGH Miss Ada Rehan has spent the greater portion of her life in America, it is interesting to know that she claims the Emerald Isle as her birthplace, and first saw the light at Limerick on April 22nd, 1860. From five years of age Brooklyn was her home, and here she received her education. At the age of thirteen Miss Ada Rehan made her début in a play called *Across the Continent* in



MISS ADA REHAN

[From a photo by Bassano]

the theatre at Newark, New Jersey. Her real name is spelt Regan, which gives away the secret of her Irish origin. The name by which she is so well known owes its existence to the adoption for stage purposes of a printer's error in an early play-bill. Miss Rehan's association with Mr. Daly dates from 1879. Her admirers sometimes wish that she would play only in Shakespeare, since there seems to be no other alternative to certain rather worthless farces which would be intolerable if any other actress were to take her parts. She is the greatest actress in the States, except when we have the good fortune to be able to say of her "the greatest actress in England."

TALES FROM

BY MAY
CUMBERLAND.

DREAM LAND BEN NAMOS REVENGE.



HE

HEAT was terrible, although day had dawned but a few short hours; the sky was one liquid, dazzling sea of blue; the sand danced and smoked before one's eyes in the deadly glare of the morning sun, and the huge, striped

awnings that sheltered the roof of the Amed Cali's palace became dry as soon as wetted.

In an audience chamber of pearly marble, on his silken divan, Amed lay and groaned; the blacks around him worked industriously with the huge palm fans, and the fountain in the centre flung its iced waters far into the domed roof; but all to no purpose. If the palace seemed cool, it was not cool in reality, and the mere thought of such weather was exhausting.

Not far removed from him was another apartment, almost as gorgeous as his own; but here, in contrast to the quiet of Amed's solitude, there rose a babel of tongues and confused murmur of voices, and now and then, above the murmur, penetrating cries of terror and alarm.

It was the principal chamber in Amed Cali's harem, and the royal beauties lay around in regal profusion, in all the glory of silken robes and dazzling jewels. Far and wide was the harem of Amed Cali noted for the beauty of its inhabitants, and the owner of it—ugly, old, and obese as he was—was yet the envy of many a younger man. Intense excitement pervaded the usual stillness at this early hour; joy shone on all the faces, fair and dark, blue eyed and brown, save two, and they were contorted with fear and agony. A short month ago, Amed, on his return from an expedition, had brought with him an addition to his wives in the shape of two beautiful girls, fair of skin and full of gentleness, utterly incapable of coping with the subtlety and guile of their fellow women.

To the intense anger of the former favourites, Amed set the new comers above all the rest; their robes were the handsomest, their jewels the most precious, and their beauty the most praised of them all. The result can be imagined. They were hated with a deadly hate, and it was not long before a plot was well on its way to perfection which would strip the favourites of their robes and jewels and lay

their heads low in the dust. What angered the furious women the more was that the new comers were not made happy by the attentions of their master, but sobbed their lovely eyes red and swollen in laments for their lost homes and husbands.

Slowly the plot unwound itself and entwined the two innocent victims in its coils. The end had come, and this morning, half-an-hour later, the final blow was to be struck and the harem rid of them altogether.

The new comers — found guilty of a crime of which they were utterly innocent — were sentenced to be led six miles into the desert, and there, tied to stakes, left to the mercy of the cruel heat and scarcely less cruel vultures and leopards of the wilderness.

Amed Cali was, with the aid of iced drinks and vigorous fannings, gently dozing off to slumber, when his solitude was broken by terrible cries; the awning was torn aside, and flung at his feet were the forms of two beautiful women, those just about to be led out to die.

Before they could utter one word Amed had leapt to his feet.

"Who allowed this disturbance?" he roared.

The soldiers, from whom the maidens had broken away, entered in fear and trembling.

"My lord," they began, "we could——" but they were instantly silenced.

"Behead them."

The soldiers were immediately seized by their fellows and disappeared for ever.

Then the eldest, fairest girl uplifted her voice:—"My lord and master," she said, "we are innocent of the crime charged against us. Oh! save us from this cruel death, we who are so young, and we will serve you faithfully to the end."

But the face of the tyrant only crimsoned with anger, and he cried aloud "Be gone! Off with them to the desert."

Then the younger girl arose and stood before the man like a condemning goddess.

"You brutal tyrant," she cried, "I am glad that we are to escape your clutches even though it be by a hateful and hideous death. I care not, we shall be avenged; you who have torn us from our home and friends shall not prosper for ever; my curse rests on you; you shall surely suffer—far beyond our sufferings." Then before the cowed and startled Amed can utter one word she and her sister have left the chamber, and he is alone.



"THE MOST PRAISED OF THEM ALL"

It is evening—and across the desert, now cooled by the night breeze and bathed in the moon's glow, comes a silent cavalcade, winding its way in the cool of the evening after a day of siesta caused by the intense heat.

Heading the cavalcade, seated on a camel more gorgeously caparisoned than its fellows, is a young man with a stern and resolute face, full of grand beauty. He is on his way to Amed Cali, the uncle he has never seen, to ask his aid to avenge a terrible wrong in sorrow for which his heart is full. For another hour the procession travels on in silence; then the young chief, Ben Namo, checks his patient animal and shading his eyes with his hands says to his nearest fellow traveller, "Do you see anything yonder, Casimir? What are those dark objects moving ahead?"

There is a moment's silence before he is answered.

"There is certainly something. Panthers most likely; and look, there are more beyond!" and he points to where, still further in the distance, another ever circling group of dark objects breaks the vast expanse of the horizon.

"Ah! they are in luck's way to-night; a couple of murderers most likely left to their fate. It's a horrid sight, Casimir; let us ride on, there may be a little life in the poor wretches yet, and they will be punished enough already."

Casimir agreeing, they rode rapidly forward, the panthers—as they are—skulking off into the night, where they stay to view proceedings from a safe distance. Leisurely alighting, they went towards the motionless figures tied to those oft used stakes.

"I believe they are women. What coward's trick is this?"

Casimir was the first to obtain a glimpse of the silent objects. Together they sprang forward to the nearest figure. Something familiar in the drooping head struck horror to the heart of Ben Namo. Furiously tearing aside the covering that had fallen over the down-bent head, he shrieked aloud in agony.

"Casimir!" he cried, "it is Maraid—my wife."

But his companion had flown, on feet like arrows, to that silent figure beyond. He too had found his wife. But joy!—life still flowed in her veins, though faint and feeble; a few moments longer and that tiny spark would have gone out, leaving the lifeless body a prey to the deadly cannibals of the desert night.

In a second the breathing girl was unbound and carried in the arms of her husband to where Ben Namo knelt, almost frantic, beside the lifeless and mutilated figure of Mariad—she who had so boldly spoken before her tyrant master. Three hours' later and she is gently laid in a desert grave; but ere the sand finally rolls in, Ben Namo vows a sacred oath.

Already has the still living girl



"ENTERED IN FEAR AND TREMBLING"

been able to breathe out the name of their murderer, to the horror of the two men, who discover in their wives' entrapper, Amed Cali, their uncle.

"Casimir"—Ben Namo's voice is terrible to hear—"Alin, thy wife is alive, mine is dead. With *me*, then, rests the power to revenge. True Mariad was thy sister, but she was my wife. As we are now we are utterly unable to destroy the powerful tyrant. We must return home; but I vow, by all I hold most sacred, my dead wife, Mariad, and Alin shall be avenged."

A few days later and Amed Cali, the harem's lord, sits gloating and chuckling over a missive just received—a missive telling him of a new and glorious beauty dying of love for him, waiting his command only to fling herself at his feet. Amed is delighted; never did scented letter please him better, and he sent off post haste to summon the beauteous writer, addressing her as "Queen of the Harem."

The beautiful stranger arrived, and from the very first it seemed as though a spell were cast over the tyrant Amed Cali. *He* was the suer for favours, *he* the one to be spurned and refused.

Weeks passed away and Amed Cali worshipped more and more at the throne of the new beauty. One evening, with glistening robes and smiling face, she came to him, and twining her snowy arms around his neck said softly:—

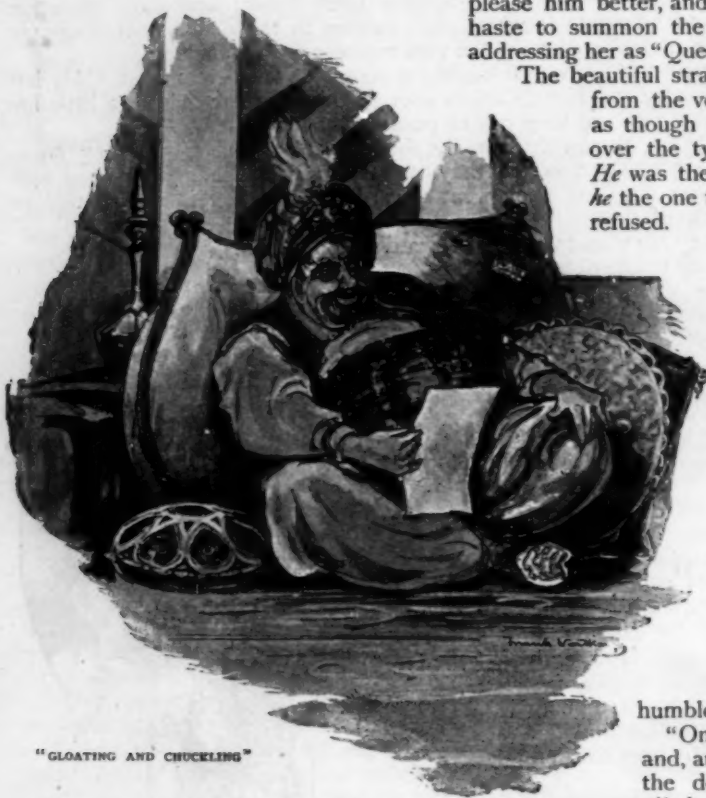
"My precious jewel, grant thy humble slave one favour."

"One favour! a thousand, anything on earth," the delighted man replied.

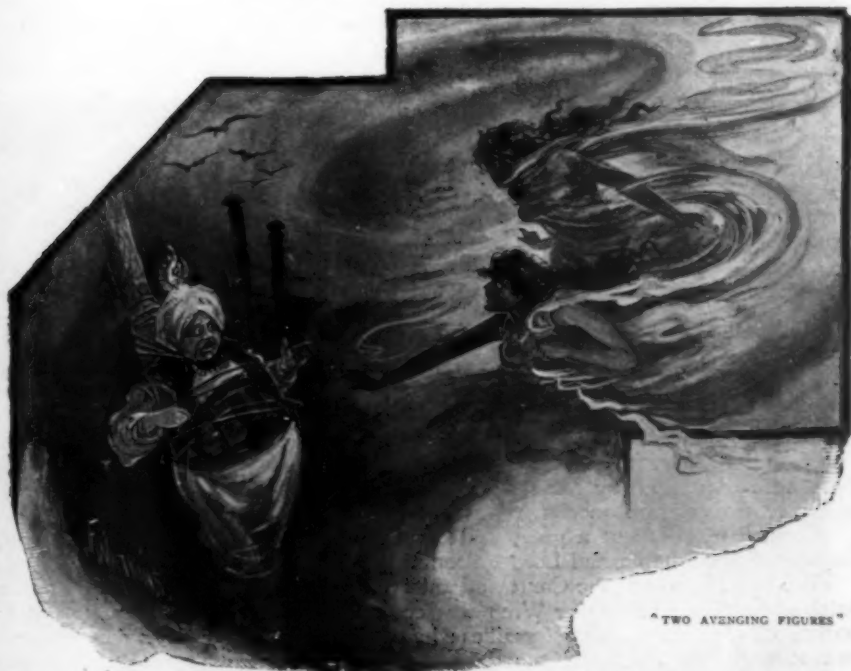
"I am tired of this mighty palace and its hot nights—let us make an excursion, you and I only, and your former wives to wait on us; let us go to the 'Valley of the Dead Hand,' I hear it has a marvellous sombre beauty."

What could the enslaved man do? The promise was given, and next evening saw Amed Cali and his wives bound for the "Valley of the Dead Hand."

The journey was made a paradise for the captive tyrant by the wiles and charms of his lovely favourite; so quickly did the time pass, that not until they were actually standing beside the barren palm, to which prisoners were fixed and left to die, did he notice that the valley was actually reached. Still he stood, enslaved and enraptured. She turned and left him; he tried to follow, and could not



"GLOATING AND CHUCKLING"



"TWO AVENGING FIGURES"

move! What had happened? Struggle as he would to be free, he was tied fast—tied to the barren palm in the "Valley of the Dead Hand!"

Before he could cry and accuse his love of joking, and beg to be unloosed, he found himself alone. No! not quite, for before him were two avenging figures, awful in death—those of his victims, Mariad and Alin. He shrieked aloud, hid his face in his hands, mercifully left unbound—unbound that he might struggle the longer for life, and prolong his agony to the utmost. The figures of his victims vanished, and in their place stood the new favourite, awful in her fury.

"Behold in me," she cries, "the husband and brother of your victims! Ben Namo—your nephew! By the aid of my wife's curse and my father's sooth-sayers my revenge is complete. I have done with this guise from to-night and shall become a man once more. Ah!" and she laughs delightedly, "it was glorious work, but this is the most glorious of all. You have done with harems and wives, oh, tyrant! The beasts of the desert hunger for thee. Fear not for thy harem, thy wives are safe, my camels awaited them, and presently they will be joined by me. None can hear thee—a glorious end wilt thou have. Oh, slayer of women, fare-thee-well! May thine end be all you deserve."

Next moment the lovely favourite has vanished and Ben Namo is spurring his camel on, in his endeavours to catch up his retreating cavalcade. And as the moon shone down on the tied figures of Mariad and Alin, so it shines into the "Valley of the Dead Hand," and lights up with its soft glow a solitary form, bound to a barren tree, and coming nearer and nearer across the plain a silent, circling procession of black figures, whose eyes form specks of light amongst the gloom and whose low, hushed growl is the only sound that breaks the still beauty of the Eastern night.

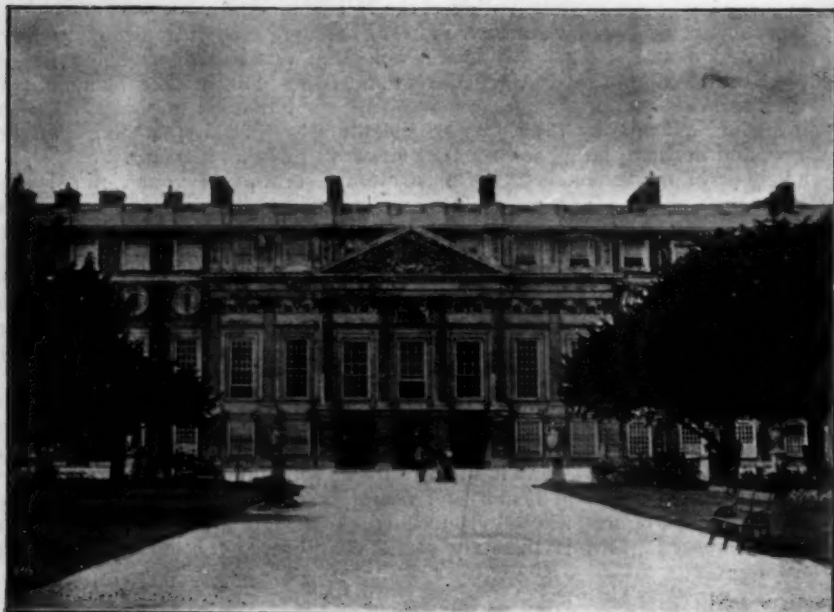
Hampton Court Palace.

THE handsome Palace, which stands on the banks of the Thames a little below Hampton Bridge, was built by Cardinal Wolsey, and consisted originally of five large courts surrounded by apartments. Wolsey gave it up to Henry in 1526, and he, being well pleased it, seized, in the lordly Tudor manner, on some of the adjacent parishes to enlarge the grounds, which he had well stocked with deer; he also had the magnificent Great Hall built in 1536. The Palace then underwent little change until William became its master.

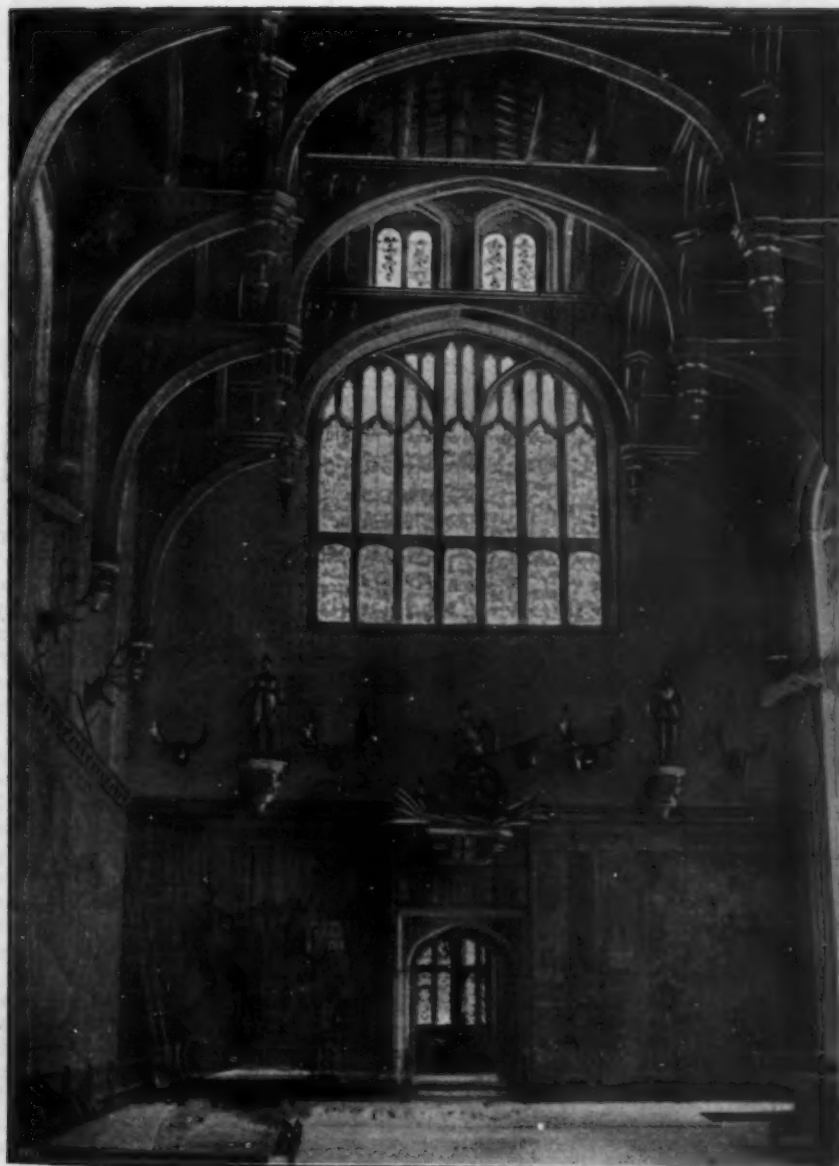
Hampton Court was much admired by Charles I., and several valuable works of art were added to it by him; he was here in January, 1642, for the last time as master, returning as prisoner in August, 1647.

Cromwell also spent a great deal of his time here; and it was here that his daughter, Elizabeth, married Lord Falconbridge.

William III. rebuilt the Court, and enlarged and remodelled the grounds in the Dutch style. Sir Christopher Wren was commissioned to erect a suite of State apartments to equal those at Versailles; he pulled down two of the old courts, and built towards the river and the garden the long classical façades, the former measuring about 310 feet, and the latter some 330 feet in length.



THE EAST FRONT



THE GREAT HALL.



THE LONG WATER

It was while riding in the park that William III. met with the accident that caused his death on March 17th, 1702.

Entering the Palace at the west front entrance we pass through three courts; on the left is a staircase that leads to Henry VIII's Great Hall, which was built by him in the year 1536, and is a most striking edifice, measuring 60 feet high, 40 feet wide, and 106 feet long. It impresses the imagination of the visitor, with its lofty, sweeping, open roof and its dignity and grandeur. The Hall was restored some few years ago, and new glass windows by Williment were put in, the total effect being thereby greatly improved.

We next ascend from the Clock Tower Court by the King's staircase, the ceilings and walls of which are covered with Verrio's florid allegories, to the State apartments which occupy that part of the Court erected by William, and which stretch along the front of the river and garden and two of the sides of the Fountain Court. On the panels and over the doorways may be seen some of Grinling Gibbon's beautiful wood-carving, where flowers, fruit and foliage are perfectly and delicately represented. There are King's drawing-rooms, Queen's drawing-rooms, King's bed-chambers, Queen's bed-chambers, and a host of other chambers and apartments hung with pictures and articles dating from the times of Anne, William III. and George I.

The Fountain Court, which is close by, is very prettily laid out with flower-beds; the fountain in the centre plays during the afternoon. From this we pass under the archway to the east front, and immediately facing us is the large fountain which sparkles and gleams in the sunlight. Beyond is the quiet expanse of the Long Water, stretching away for a considerable distance and bordered with charming trees overhanging on either side. Here one can sit in contemplation for hours without being interrupted except by an occasional quack from a duck or the splash of some water-fowl.

From here we wend our way to Queen Mary's Walk, which is on the left-hand side looking towards the east front; this is a pleasant avenue, the sides and roof of which are one mass of heavy foliage through which the sun only penetrates here

and there; it is delightfully pleasant and cool to walk through this on a hot day and rest one's eyes from the glare of the sun.

Pursuing our way a little further we come upon the noted grape vine, one of the largest and oldest in England.

The Maze next claims attention; here it is very amusing to see the people, some in despair, some laughing and joking, trying to get in or out as the case may be; those who have given up trying hold up their umbrellas or sticks for the attendant who, standing on an elevated platform directs them how to proceed. A man who prided himself upon his perseverance might easily try for hours to get out of this labyrinthine maze, and be compelled in the end to swallow his pride and call upon the attendant for guidance.

The gardens at the Palace are deservedly famous: the flowers are beyond number, arranged in dainty patterns in beds of divers shapes. Indeed, Hampton Court is an ideal resort for the work-worn Londoner. The grounds run along the riverside, and there is no lack of seats in shady places. The river, with its boats, is unfailingly interesting; there are the fountains, the long stretches of cool green sward, and the groves of beeches to match; and all these make up a scene which it were hard to beat for restful beauty.



THE WEST FRONT

HOMeward BOUND: A SONG.

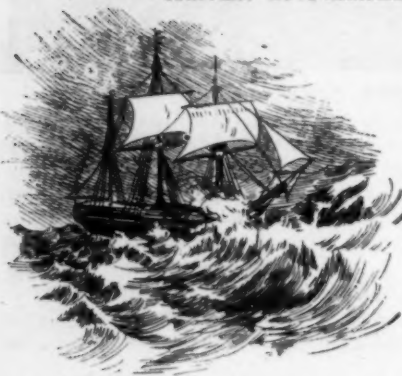


Call all hands, un-moor the ship,
For we are bound to sea,
And merrily goes the capstan round,
When homeward bound are we;
Where e'er we sail, on every wave,
No matter where our goal,
We still swing back to those we love,
As needle to the pole.

Chorus—Then do your level best to-day,
And make the welkin sound;
O, cheerily we'll get under weigh,
Hurrah! we're homeward bound.

You lads who never left your homes,
To roam the world around,
You little know the joy we feel,
When we are homeward bound;
And wives who wait and sew and pray,
And long for us to be
Once more again at home with them,
Are towing us o'er the sea.

Then do your level best to-day,
And make the welkin sound;
O, cheerily we'll get under weigh,
Hurrah! we're homeward bound.



When shortening sail in sou-west gale,
Don't reef her down all round,
Blow high, blow low, O let her go,
Are we not homeward bound?
What though we lose a sail or two,
Or carry away our spars,
We'll jump aloft, repair the wreck,
And work like British tars.

Then do your level best to-day,
And make the welkin sound;
O, cheerily we'll get under weigh,
Hurrah! we're homeward bound.

J. H. BLOOMFIELD.



"Where Merchants most do Congregate."

[*The Merchant of Venice.*]

THE LIVERPOOL EXCHANGE.

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN.



F the position of Liverpool as the third city of the empire one obtains by no means an unworthy idea simply by visiting its splendid Exchange. In size and magnificence the building may almost be described as unique; "The Room" itself can be compared with the Royal Exchange, but whereas, owing to the whirligig of time and circumstance, the nominal commercial centre of London is almost deserted, that of Liverpool is every day palpitating with business life. For whereas almost every branch of commerce has left the Royal Exchange and chosen a home of its own, the merchants of Liverpool, on the other hand, have continued faithful to their old centre, and up to the present it has been found necessary, with the progress of the city, to add only a Stock Exchange and a Corn Exchange to the institution I am about to describe.

The present building, with whose fine architecture everyone who has been to Liverpool must be more or less familiar, is not yet thirty years old. In 1867, it took the place of another, which again had been in existence for little more than half a century before it became all too small for the ever increasing number of Liverpool merchants. From time immemorial, however, the site of the Exchange has been the centre of the mercantile life of Liverpool. For two or three centuries the Town Hall, with its environs, was also the meeting-place for the principal business men of the town. In 1795 the municipal building was destroyed by fire, and in the new Town Hall which arose on its ashes no provision was made for its use as an Exchange. For several years the business men were houseless and homeless. They felt the hardship of this position less inasmuch as when the Town Hall was open to them very many preferred, if the weather were fair, to transact their business in the open air. Now that they were all accustomed to congregate on the small open space around the Town Hall, however, their numbers became obstructive, and again and again the police, acting under the instructions of "the powers that were," made unavailing efforts to "move them on." But the weaker brethren began to suffer from frequent exposure to inclement weather, and, at times of conflict with the constituted authority, while others began to be concerned for the dignity of the mercantile community. So the proposal of Roscoe, a veteran merchant, in 1801, that they should build an Exchange of their own, was received with enthusiasm. The sum required—£80,000—was subscribed in three hours, although no one was allowed to take more than 10 shares of £10 each. A site was cleared at the rear of the Town Hall, and in 1808 the merchants took possession of a building which they doubtless supposed would last for the rest of the century.

This building formed three sides of a square having a continuous arcade, and, although not wanting in adornment, was mean and unimpressive compared with its successor. At the beginning of the century, however, the Exchange was something to marvel at. "Monday, March 7th, was a day of much importance in the commercial annals of Liverpool," wrote the principal local newspaper of

that time, "as on that day the merchants abandoned their usual place of meeting, at the upper end of Castle Street, and assembled for the first time in the grand area of the new Exchange. No place in the world affords so elegant and commodious a situation as this for the purpose of a public exchange, and we have often been surprised to hear it observed that it would be difficult to bring the merchants to abandon their old situation to which they were much attached by the strong ties of habit and early prepossession. In opposition to this common opinion we are happy to observe that the translation was absolutely perfect the first day, not a single person being found loitering about his old haunts during the whole 'Change hours."

It took two or three years of agitation on the part of young and ardent members to bring about the building of the present Exchange. The proprietors



THE PLACS AT MIDDAY

of the old flatly declined, indeed, to have anything to do with their ambitious scheme; they could not bring themselves to sacrifice an expensive building which had not shown the slightest signs of wearing out. But in the early 'sixties Liverpool was in the heyday of its prosperity, and its youth and energy were not to be daunted by the timidity of the grey-beards. An Act of Parliament was obtained empowering a new company to buy up the property of the old, raze it to the ground, and in its stead erect a building on an altogether finer scale. To the old proprietors over £300,000 was paid, £60,000 went in the purchase of property acquired in enlarging the site, whilst the actual cost of building was £220,000. Altogether, by the time it was opened in 1867, the new Exchange represented an expenditure of nearly £600,000. Notwithstanding these formidable figures the Liverpool Exchange Company has proved a sound five per cent. investment for its shareholders.

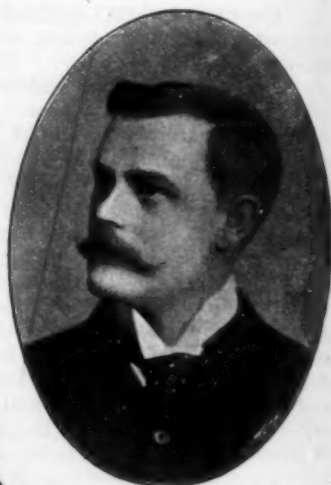
The expectations suggested by these figures, too, are fully realised in the course of a recent tour of inspection of the building, on which I was personally conducted by the popular secretary. The massive proportions of the pile viewed from the open space which is widely celebrated as "The Flags," are only in harmony with the vast area of the flooring it contains. "The Room" itself contains a space of 1,400 square yards, and is lighted by a lofty glass dome. The roof being supported without the aid of pillars you can see from one end of "The Room" to the other. Carved wood-work, marble decorations on the wall and a number of fine chandeliers suspended from the roof combine to give "The Room" an exceedingly bright and picturesque appearance. On either side are newspaper stands and tables on which are strewn the journalism of the five continents. As adjuncts to "The Room" are a telephone office, where six instruments are constantly at work, including one which communicates with London, and a telegraph office, where hundreds of messages are received and despatched every day. Behind an oval counter an official is engaged in receiving shipping and commercial news from all parts of the world, and preparing it for exhibition on various boards. At each end of "The Room" is a small gallery from which the best view of its varied scene—say at half-past three in the afternoon when business is at its height—can be obtained. There are probably a thousand gentlemen engaged in animated conversation, representing pretty well all the more important trades of Liverpool and its district, with the exception of cotton, whose votaries still adhere to their old practice of doing their business in the open-air—on "The Flags" just outside the building. Of the throng as a whole there is one distinct characteristic which strikes you in mentally comparing it with the business throngs of London City. Its attire shows much less uniformity; there is, in fact, no similar compliance with one monotonous pattern of silk hat and black coat. Of some provincial cities it has been said that the sight of a silk hat there indicates either a London commercial traveller or a member of Parliament. This could scarcely be said of Liverpool, and on 'Change, as well as in most other places of public resort, one is sure to see a few wearers of the head-gear which in London has been consecrated to gentility. But the silk hat is greatly outnumbered by "billycocks" and "bowlers," and even straws, while there are lounge jackets and tourists suits in galore. Altogether the scene, on this warm, sunny afternoon is in pleasing contrast with the black or dingy drab of London's business circle.

In the Exchange building many great firms and important companies have their offices, the Company having altogether about eighty tenants, from whom they receive nearly £30,000 a year in rent. The building is divided into different blocks, identified by a letter of the alphabet, each block having its own elevator. In the basement are dining-rooms, refreshment buffets, and at the top of the building commodious lavatories. From end to end it is quite a long journey, going up in one lift and down in another, and traversing innumerable corridors. But at the end, at the sacrifice of a considerable amount of vital energy, I have obtained a vivid idea of the wonderful microcosm which the Liverpool Exchange is of the great commerce of the Mersey.

Comfortably seated in his private office, recuperating our exhausted energies, the secretary tells me the Exchange has now about 3,000 members, each paying an annual subscription of three guineas. As a rule the payment of this subscription secures membership. With the board of seven directors rests the admission of members, and there is practically no black-balling. In sending your application for membership you are not even required to describe your business, and, consequently, the secretary has no official knowledge of the callings represented on the Exchange and of their relative strength. As a matter of fact in Liverpool, of course, large as it is, every man's business is known to his neighbours; there are few members whom the secretary could not classify as cotton dealers and brokers, shipowners, produce merchants, freight agents, financiers and so forth. Nor has it



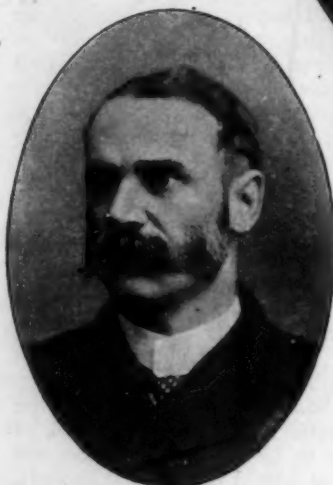
MR. HARRY O. COOPER
SECRETARY SINCE 1887
*From a photograph by
Barrauds, Ltd.*



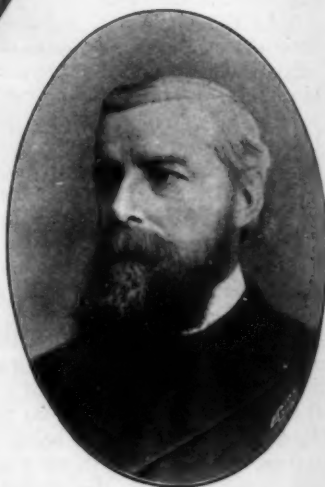
MR. HENRY PATTINSON
MEMBER OF COMMITTEE, 1895
*From a photograph by
Mowel and Morrison*



MR. ANDREW LINDSAY
PRESIDENT, 1895
*From a photograph by
Barrauds, Ltd.*



MR. H. A. HIGGINS
From a photograph by Barrauds, Ltd.



MR. F. N. HALE
From a photograph by Barrauds, Ltd.

LEADING OFFICIALS OF THE EXCHANGE

been found necessary to guard the doors of the Exchange from intruders. Some of the officials have become more or less familiar with the appearance of all the three thousand members, and anyone habitually using the Exchange, without having paid for the right to do so, would soon be "spotted." On the other hand, visitors to Liverpool are always welcome to see the Exchange—and at times it has had some very distinguished visitors, including Mr. Bright, Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, and several members of the Royal Family. Sometimes ladies will survey the scene from one of the balconies, and, looking at the broad expanse of splendid pine floor, have generally exclaimed: "Oh, what a lovely ball-room it would make!" And on one occasion, shortly after the opening of the Exchange in 1867, it was the scene of a brilliant ball, Prince Christian being one of the company.

In the Exchange buildings are to be found the "Lloyd's" of Liverpool, where the underwriters of the port assemble every day at 11.30 and 3.30 for the transaction of business with shipowners, bankers, merchants, brokers, &c. "The Room," which is light and handsome, although small, of course, compared with "Lloyd's," is rented by the Liverpool Underwriters' Association, a body numbering nearly 300 members. It is furnished with pretty well all the conveniences in the way of information and news, however, that the London underwriters enjoy. The association has a history of ninety-two years, and a souvenir of its youth is to be seen in "The Room" in the shape of a faded circular, dated 1815, summoning the members to meet and confer upon raising funds for the relief of sufferers from the war in the Netherlands. The Association has also in its possession an old policy issued by a Liverpool underwriter in 1783, the document beginning, of course, with the old formula, "In the name of God, Amen!" The Association, which, like "Lloyds," derives a considerable part of its revenue from the contributions of insurance companies, is managed by a committee of fourteen members, a proportion of whom vacate their seats every year. The committee at present consists of Messrs. W. A. Williams (Chairman), S. Cross (Deputy-Chairman), John S. Allen, W. Bates, A. Ellis Cookson, J. Davies, William Gow, Charles Langton, Charles Roberts, Harold Summar, C. B. Vallance, H. T. Wallace, John Williamson and S. S. Bristow, the last-named being the representative of the companies.

Cotton is by far the most important "line" among Liverpool merchants and brokers; but, curious enough, the cotton market is not held within the precincts of the Exchange: from time immemorial it has been held in the open air. But "The Flags" on which the cotton market transacts its business really forms an integral part of the property of the Exchange, notwithstanding the public right of way across this open space. Everyone doing business there must belong to the Liverpool Cotton Association, whose members, in their turn, are subscribers to the Exchange. The scene on "The Flags"—the name, of course, survives from the time when the crowd stood on flagstones instead of asphalt—is one which excites the curiosity and wonder of every stranger in Liverpool. Just before the close of business on a fairly active day, when the news from New York has just arrived, there will probably be two or three hundred well-dressed men button-holing each other, shouting, gesticulating. The scene in Throgmorton Street after "official hours," even at the time of a "boom" in the "Kaffir Circus," is nothing to it! When excitement runs high—and every two or three years there is an outburst of speculation in cotton—the market is quite indifferent to weather, the speculators are quite indifferent to the shelter of the arcade, and you will see a great crowd of men standing in a drenching rain or enduring a biting frost whilst proceeding with business. Many members of the cotton market have had their lives shortened by this exposure to wet and cold, but every attempt to induce it to accept the shelter of the Exchange from the inclemency of the weather has completely failed, until the time has come when the market could hardly find sufficient accommodation there. The Liverpool Cotton Association, however, is now converting a number of

offices in Brown's Buildings—which adjoins "The Flags"—into a meeting-place for its members during those months of the year when the open-air is usually disagreeable and dangerous. But such is the affection of many members of the market I was told, for their al fresco habit that it is rather dubious whether, when the new meeting-place comes to be open, they will be attracted to it from the snow and ice, fog and rain of "The Flags."

The Liverpool Cotton Association has had an interesting history. It arose out of the need which was felt by brokers for definite information respecting the position of the market. For some years they used to choose from among themselves a number of firms which should take it in turn to collect particulars of the sale of cotton, the amount of the import being obtained from the Customs. Every week the brokers met at the offices of the firm whose turn it was to take the duty, and there hear read these particulars. These weekly meetings led, in 1841, to the establishment of the Cotton Brokers' Association. It was first formed by about eighty firms; the membership now numbers about 550. The collection and distribution of information respecting the sales is still the most important service rendered to the members, but this work is now carried out by the Secretary to the Association, Mr. Peter Brown, who is busy all day getting the figures together, and at the close of business in the afternoon causes a statement to be posted up on one of the marble pillars supporting the arcade.

The muse of the market has described its curiosity on this subject in the following lines:—

"And every broker buys and sells
Full many a lot of bales,
And the question upon every lip
Is—'What does he make the sales?'
I do not know, I really don't,
But stay—he's coming here.
My friends, pray let me introduce
Our Secretary dear.
The sales, the sales—how many bales?
How much is done to-day?
'Now, gentlemen, pray—really—don't—
I can't at present say!'
'The sales,' again the brokers shout,
And press upon him sore—
What are the sales?—his courage fails—
'We'll call them twelve*—or more.'"

A few old and experienced members of the market can generally forecast the official statement with remarkable accuracy. I asked one of these experts how he could so correctly estimate the number of bales of cotton that would change hands during the day, but he could only reply that with him "it was a matter of instinct."

Anyone going on to the Liverpool Cotton Market will probably hear much of "spots" and "futures." With the latter term he will doubtless be familiar, for "futures" in cotton mean the same thing as in corn or sugar: that is, sales of the commodity which have not yet arrived in this country, which may, indeed, have at present existence but which the seller undertakes to deliver to the purchaser at a specified date. The growth of the business—speculation some people will call it—in "futures" has greatly enlarged the functions of the Association, rendering necessary the formation of a code of laws and usages by which all its members in their dealings with each other agreed to be bound.

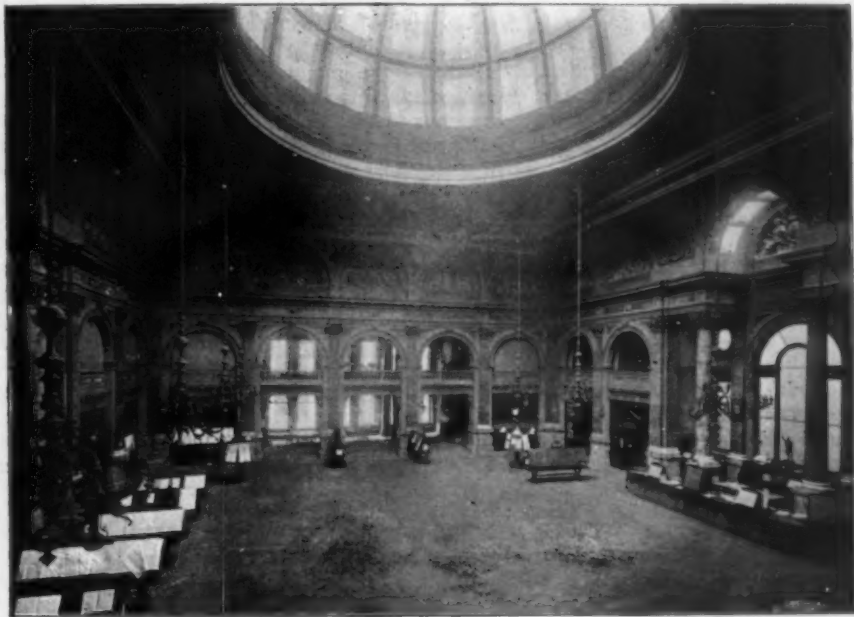
The American Civil War was responsible for a complete revolution in the Liverpool Cotton Market. The prospects of scarcity gave extraordinary scope to

* Twelve thousand bales.

speculation, and when prices were going up by leaps and bounds large fortunes were being made on "The Flags." As a rhyme of the time when "Cotton was King" has it:—

"Our Cotton Exchange was a busy sight,
The busiest in the town;
For the price of cotton was going up
Whilst the stock was running down.
They bought themselves new traps and drags
They smoked the best cigars;
And as they walked the Exchange flags
They thanked their lucky stars."

It was as a consequence of this outbreak of speculation that rules for the regulation



INTERIOR OF THE EXCHANGE

of business were drawn up, one of which required all disputes arising out of transactions in "futures" to be referred to arbitration. At first the award of the two arbitrators, who are, of course, usually chosen from a small circle of the most expert and experienced members, was final; but on the payment of certain fees there is now the right of appeal to a committee of the Association. With the rapid increase in the transactions in "futures," too, a Clearing House was established by the Association in 1876, through which all such contracts are passed on the same principle, and in much the same manner, as the business of the Bankers' Clearing House is conducted. The Clearing House, which is managed by a sub-committee of the Association, did not come into existence until after a strong opposition had been defeated. At first the use of the Clearing House was confined to members of the Cotton Brokers' Association, and this, with other circumstances, gave rise to what is still memorable on "The Flags" as the revolt of the merchants. In 1876 they started a rival organisation called the Liverpool Cotton Exchange.

But the good sense of both parties soon brought the feud to an end. In a few months they had come to an agreement for the amalgamation of both the Cotton Brokers' Association and the Cotton Exchange in a new body, which has since borne the title of the Liverpool Cotton Association. The Association was registered under the Companies Act with a capital of £60,000 in 600 shares of £100 each, £20 being paid up. Both brokers and merchants were made eligible for membership—in fact, anyone "engaged in the cotton trade"—on payment of an entrance-fee of £5 in the case of members of one or the other of the old associations, and £20 in the case of all others. At the same time rules were made regulating the brokerage fees payable between shareholders.

Another question in the politics of the Cotton Market was for many years the subject of animated discussion on "The Flags." This was the settlement of speculative transactions. As the result of their experience during the exciting time of the American War a large party strongly advocated the fixing of a periodical settling day according to the plan of the Stock Exchange. More than one committee of the Association was appointed to inquire into the question, but their proposals were always defeated by a majority of the members. Old-fashioned brokers and merchants dreaded the introduction of anything and everything savouring of the Stock Exchange, but to their fears there was always the reply that since speculation could not possibly be eliminated from the Cotton Market, it was well that some sort of control should be exercised over it. Despairing of success in the Association, the advocates of a periodical settlement, to the number of about eighty firms of brokers and merchants entered into an agreement that in all dealings with each other they would observe a "settling day" once a fortnight. This was in 1882, and two years later the object of the Settlements Association was achieved, the success of the plan in practical working having, in the meantime, made an ever-increasing number of converts. The Cotton Association officially adopted the "settling day" which is now once a week, however, instead of once a fortnight.

During a recent visit to Liverpool I happened to come across a curious production of the Comic Muse called "The Liverpool Cotton Brokers' Alphabet; Nursery Rhymes for the Boys on 'The Flags,'" which reveals to us with a frankness that is occasionally brutal, some of the secrets of the prison-house. Let me give an example:—

"S means stuck-up young salesmen, brimfull of conceit
Like eggs that are addled, and useless for meat,
They can tell the size of the crop before it is grown,
Indeed, some of them know it before it is sown;
They value to sixteenths, will class in the dark,
But, oh—how they lie—each conceited young spark.
They make low offers boldly without orders to buy
(But sometimes they're trapped, when it proves all my eye);
Confound the young braggarts, it were well for the town
If some seller would knock at least half of 'em down."

A reference in these verses to "the Forty Thieves" is to be explained by the alleged existence of a number of unscrupulous dealers in cotton. They frequent the auction sales, which are held almost every day in the Exchange buildings, and buy damaged goods at a price which, owing to their skilful manœuvring, is usually very low. Then the man in charge of the warehouse where it is stored is bribed to change the labels from damaged to good cotton, and as the result the latter is delivered to them in place of the former. I am told that these lucrative malpractices, however, have been of much less frequent occurrence in recent years. There has been, it is said, a great improvement all round in the tone and condition of the market. A few years ago it was stated by a well-known authority that three-fourths of the subscribers to the Liverpool Exchange had at one time or

another failed to meet their engagements, and that any merchant or broker who had continued quite solvent for twenty years was respectable, whilst forty years of continuous success made him admirable. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* At one time the leading religious papers were to be seen in "The Room," the *Guardian* rubbing shoulders with *The Economist* and the *Christian World* being cheek by jowl with *The Money Market Review*. The virtues of the Cotton Association's arbitrators and court of appeal are thus celebrated:—

"Oh, justice—what true justice there
To weigh each question nice;
Oh, what a fund of wisdom rare
To give us sound advice.
Or if—an arbitration held—
Injustice still you feel,
Go to the great committee men
And lodge a last appeal."

The Appeals Committee is but one of ten committees, besides a Board of Directors, by which the affairs of the Liverpool Cotton Association are managed. The board, which is presided over by Mr. John H. Ziegler, numbers eighteen members, and has charge of all the business of the Association as a limited liability company. The other committees deal with finance, state of trade, the clearing house, bye-laws, statistics, the landing of cotton, "American arrival," "Egyptian arrival," appeals and quotations. The committee for fixing quotations, like that for hearing appeals, is divided into several sections, such as "American," "East Indian" and "Egyptian." The members of these committees are carefully chosen by the Association as a body for their special knowledge, and exceptional knowledge of the cotton trade in its various aspects. Thus Mr. Thomas Ellison, the author of a book whose helpfulness in preparing this article I wish to acknowledge, viz., "The Cotton Trade of Great Britain," is vice-chairman of the statistical committee.

One cannot leave the Liverpool Exchange without noticing the fine memorial of Nelson which occupies the centre of "The Flags." It is a splendid piece of work in bronze, bearing eloquent testimony to the patriotism of Liverpool merchants in the early years of the century. But one feature of the monument—the recumbent figures by which the hero is surrounded has puzzled not a few visitors to the spot. The wags of the Exchange give their own explanation of the puzzle, and this has been put into verse as follows:—

"The figures round Nelson, all moaning in chains,
Are mad speculators who've dropped all their gains.
They bought at 2s., and their tale is quite sad;
They've lost all their money, and now they've gone mad."

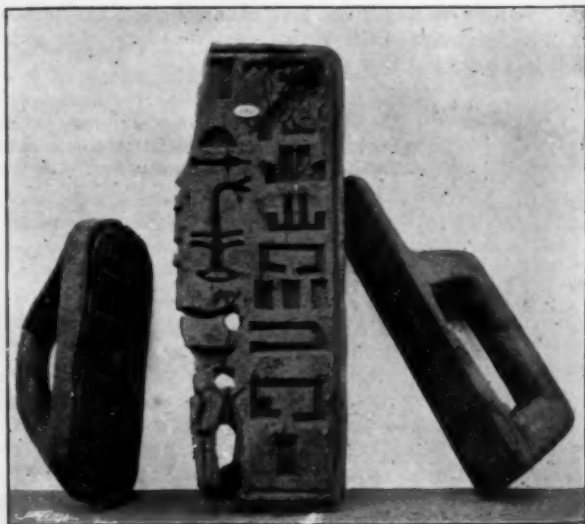


BOOKS AND WRITING MATERIALS.

PROBABLY the earliest method adopted by primitive man for recording events in a permanent form, was by engraving rocks with certain hieroglyphics, or erecting pillars of stone or other monuments, trusting that historical facts would become associated with them, and would thus be handed down from generation to generation. Laws were also transmitted in this manner, owing to the durability of stone.

Ancient inscriptions are still to be found on Asiatic rocks of such early date that the knowledge of the characters in which they are written is lost. Among the most prominent examples of columns (which were doubtless an advance on the rock inscriptions) are those of Osiris, Bacchus, Sesostris, and Hercules, erected to commemorate their expeditions; and it is possible that the legend of Atlas entrusting the pillars of the world to Hercules, means no more than that Atlas explained to

the son of Jupiter the mysteries inscribed on certain pillars of stone. Rock inscriptions are also to be found in Northern Europe, and at least two examples can be given of this practice being resorted to in modern times. Hamilton, in his *History of the East Indies*, refers to the



WOODEN BRICK STAMPS (EGYPTIAN), B.C. 1445

attack of the Dutch upon the Island of Amoy in 1645; and adds: "the account is written in large Chinese characters on the face of a smooth rock, which can be seen



ENGRAVED ROCKS IN THE ONADI MOKATTAN

from the harbour." Again, in 1771 a Tartar tribe of 80,000 families left the territories of Russia, and after a march of many months reached China and submitted to the sceptre of the Emperor Kien Lung. According to Burder's *Oriental Literature*, they were well received, and the Emperor caused the history of the journey to be engraven upon stone in four different languages.

The ancient Babylonians, also the Egyptians, are said to have registered astronomical and other events on bricks, and to the present day they may be found in Babylonia, bearing inscriptions to which no man now living has the key. The accompanying illustration gives a good idea of ancient wooden brick stamps which are now in the British Museum, and are supposed to date from B.C. 1445.

The Egyptian goddess who presided over the art of writing was named Sefah, and another of her titles was the Lady of Letters. On an ancient piece of sculpture she is represented writing the name of Rameses the Great on the fruit of the persea tree, under whose shade the King is sitting. Egypt, being one of the most civilised of ancient countries, has given us more of the materials used for writing upon than any other country in the world, and probably exported them largely. Among substances in common use from a very early period may be mentioned stone, bricks, pottery, leather, parchment, papyrus, plates of metal, ivory, panels of wood prepared with stucco or wax, paper composed of a mixture of linen and cotton, the shoulder bones of animals, &c. The characters for Egyptian writing were of three kinds: the epistolary, the sacerdotal, and the hieroglyphic. For temporary writing, tablets of wood seem to

have been used, much as slates are at the present day. Sometimes they were single, but more often several were bound together in book form. The Greeks and Romans coated these with wax and traced the letters with a style, or pen, commonly of iron, but in some cases of ivory, brass, or the precious metals. It was made pointed at one end and broad and smooth at the other, so as to be capable of obliterating what had been written by spreading back the wax. In warm climates an ink which could be easily sponged out was used in place of wax. Such tablets were in use long before the time of Homer, who lived 150 years before Isaiah, and it is highly probable that the prophets used tablets of wood or some similar material. The leaves of these tablet books, whether of wood, metal, or ivory, were fastened together at the back by rings, through which the style was passed. They had not wholly ceased to be used in Europe till the 14th century, and are still employed in North Africa, Western Asia, and Greece.

Papyrus, produced from a bulrush grown in the Nile, was also in great demand. Its superiority over other known writing materials brought it speedily into general use among western nations, and it must, in the time when the New Testament was written, have been well known to

the Jews. Linen books are mentioned by Pliny, and some Biblical scholars are inclined to think that the original of the Pentateuch, and other books of the Old Testament were written on rolls of linen. Pliny states that one of the earliest flexible substances used for this purpose was the leaf of the palm tree. At this day books made with the leaves of different trees are common among the Indian nations, and specimens of them are



PRISM WITH HISTORICAL INSCRIPTION, B.C. 705

numerous in England. The letters are engraved with a style, and the writing is afterward rubbed over with a composition of oil and pulverized charcoal. Ancient books were usually rolled round one or two cylinders to render them portable. Hence the name *Volumen*, a thing rolled up, which continues to be applied to books that are no longer rolls. Many books of this nature have been found in ancient Egyptian mummy cases, and also in the houses excavated at Herculaneum. The scribes, or public writers, were the *literati* of the country, and recorded laws, annals, and history, besides undertaking private work. They carried the inkhorn and pen case slipped through the girdle, and this is still the custom for dignitaries of State in the East, who regard this article as an emblem of their office.

The Stick book referred to in Ezekiel xxxvii.—20th verse: "And the sticks whereon thou writest shall be in thy hand;" was similar in all respects to those upon which the early Britons cut their alphabets. They consisted of lath-like pieces fitted into a frame so constructed that each stick could be moved with facility from the ends. Though more often squared they were occasionally three-sided, and then a single stick would contain three or four lines.

Accounts and money transactions were kept on similar sticks, and an interesting instance is the Saxon Reive Pole: still, or down to a recent date, preserved in the Island of Portland for collecting the yearly rent paid to the Sovereign as Lord of the Manor. The black circle at the top denotes the Parish of Southwell, and that side of the pole contains the account of the tax paid by the parishioners; each person's amount being divided from that of his neighbour by the circular indentation between. The other side is devoted to the Parish of Wakem. In this, as in other instances, we find ancient methods retained by Government long after the general public have discarded them. This is also shown in the notched sticks used in the accounts of the public exchequer.

In England in the Middle Ages, the fair sex

contented themselves with purely domestic duties. They rarely troubled themselves to acquire even the simple arts of reading and writing; and their lords and masters were almost as ignorant as themselves. Only in the religious houses was there any degree of culture, and it was by the industry of the monks and other ecclesiastics that beautifully illustrated missals and works of art were produced. These were handed down from one generation to another in such perfect condition that they form excellent histories of the dress, manners and customs of our ancestors. So precious were these books that donations of them were regarded as acts of extreme

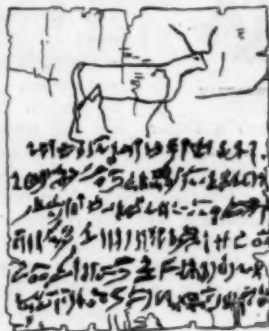
generosity; and in 690 A.D. the King of Northumbria gave 800 acres of land for a single volume containing a "History of the World." It is also recorded that the Countess of Anjou, who was probably accounted a blue stocking in her day, and beyond feminine weaknesses, gave two hundred sheep and a parcel of rich furs for a volume of homilies. Whether this act was due to learning or piety it is now difficult to say. So late as 1420 A.D., a Latin Bible was valued at £30, and with wages of a labourer at three halfpence a day, it would cost such a man fifteen years of work to obtain a book which in all probability he would be unable to read.

It was a common practice in libraries and churches to keep books

chained, and this custom must have prevailed as late as the 18th century, for it appears £1 7s. was paid in 1777, for removing the fetters from a collection of books at King's College.

A public library for the use of citizens was founded in 1421 at Manchester; another was established in London by the famous Dick Whittington in 1425; and a reference library was opened in Bristol in the year 1464. So we may infer that during the 15th century rapid strides were made in the enlightenment of the people; and this was in a large measure due to the invention of printing from metal types which was introduced into the country by Peter Schæffer about this period.

One of the most interesting books of a by-



FRAGMENT OF AN EGYPTIAN PAPIRUS ROLL



INSTRUMENT FOR WRITING (PERSIAN)

gone age intended for the instruction of the people was the Horn Book, usually inscribed with the alphabet, the Lord's Prayer, the vowels and other simple rudiments of know-



WRITING MATERIALS AND IMPLEMENTS, FROM PAINTINGS AT HERCULANEUM

ledge. It was usually bound with brass, covered with a thin plate of horn, and provided with a pierced handle to attach it to a child's girdle. Cowper, in a poem published in 1784, thus describes it:—

"Neatly secur'd from being soil'd or torn
Beneath a pane of thin translucent horn,
A book (to please us at a tender age,
'Tis called a book, though but a single page.)
Presents the prayer the Saviour deigned to teach,
Which children use—and parsons, when they
preach."

The sand writing-table consists of a shallow frame with raised edges placed on trestles. Fine sand was placed on the board, and a hundred years ago the pupil was encouraged to make the various letters of the alphabet on the soft surface with his forefinger. When the table was covered with characters they were obliterated by passing over them a smooth piece of wood kept for the purpose.

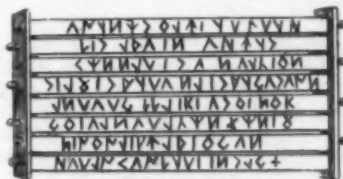
At the present day the very natural desire for knowledge which permeates all classes of society is satisfied to the full, and every facility is offered to the English people by libraries, lectures and education at a nominal cost to become acquainted with the best literature of this and other countries; so horn books, sand writing-tables and other primitive devices which did good service in their day are no more to be seen in the land.

LIFE'S DISCIPLINE.

Though many would efface from the tablets of time foolish actions in the past, it is well that they have not the power, for by so doing they would discount their chances of acting with wisdom in the future. Without experience we are but rudderless ships tossed hither and thither at the mercy of stronger wills than our own, and unprepared to meet and grapple

with the dangers which beset us on every side. The battle of life teaches us many true lessons, and braces and fortifies our characters in a marvellous manner. Line upon line, precept upon precept, our dispositions are built up and we learn that out of many failures success is evolved. Just as the Greeks encouraged the young of both sexes to wrestle and engage in gymnastics calculated to strengthen the muscles of the body, so must the mind be braced to withstand difficulties and to bear afflictions with patience. Crushing sorrow, which at the time seemed devoid of any good result, after the first shock is over, stimulates us to better things. We discover that discipline is the secret link binding humanity together, and time reveals the deep remedial force which underlies sorrowful mysteries. The breaking up of a home, business and social failures, sickness, age, death of those who by the sacred ties of nature are entwined round our heart-strings, result in the formation of other interests more calculated to ensure the growth of character, and give us fresh influences hitherto undreamed of. It is not chance, but well-directed effort, which makes life a success, and in all true, honest work there is a touch of the Divine Power who rules our destinies. The sword of work: there is nothing like it in this world as a weapon of defence, and as a protection from the apathetic languor which rushes over us at intervals like a flood when we are least prepared to combat it, and multiplies our efforts to fight the insidious foe.

"Certainly wife and children are a discipline of Humanity," Bacon tells us, and no one will



STICK BOOK OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS

be inclined to cavil at such an undoubted authority. Ruskin's opinion on the same subject is embodied in the following words: "Love, when true, faithful, and well fixed, is eminently the sanctifying element of human life; without it the soul cannot reach its fullest height or holiness. By governing, correcting, and chastening our natures we attain the highest state of perfection of which erring human beings are capable, and by self-denial we not only ensure the happiness of others but greatly

increase our own. These qualities impress their own image on the soul, and remind us of our duty toward God and our neighbours. It is the little things which make life easy or



SAXON RIEVE POLE AND EXCHEQUER TALLY

hard, and too often we deny those around us simple pleasures which it would cost us nothing to give yet would benefit the recipient tenfold. A kindly action, simple hospitality to those who can make no return, a few pleasant words, a cordial letter, have mighty effects on different temperaments, and the trifling self-denial they entail upon us help to bring our unruly instincts into subjection."

TYPES IDEAL: "GRANNIE"

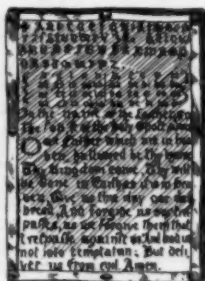
A loving reverence enfolds Grannie like a mantle as she sits in her own cosy corner by the fireside and spreads around us an atmosphere of peace and goodwill. A comely matron is she, with soft, white hands which in their time have soothed many a fevered brow, hair silvered by the storms of life, and a bosom infinitely capable of love which has cradled two generations, and proved itself a sure haven of refuge in time of trouble. None who look on that calm, benevolent countenance would hesitate to trust Grannie; and though her course is well-nigh over, and she is quietly waiting the summons to join those of her dear ones who have already passed over to that bourne whence no traveller returns, she still takes a keen and lively interest in mundane matters, and regards a wedding in the family with as much concern as the bride herself. Her house is the common centre round which the family revolves. The only son seeks here a brief spell of quietude from business worries; the daughter-in-law has found in her a veritable mother. Granddaughters have valued her ready help and sympathy when the course of true love has not run smooth; while their brothers could tell, if they would, how many times and oft her purse strings have been relaxed to help them out of some boyish scrape, or to tide them over more serious difficulties.

The servants find in her a just and honourable mistress, whose firm rule is tempered with gentleness and knowledge; and "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." There is nothing of the "New Woman" about Grannie, and in those far-off days when she was young girls who ranted on platforms or went about in knickerbocker suits would have had an excellent chance of becoming acquainted with the scold's bridle or the ducking stool, ancient but simple methods of curbing female impetuosity.

When Grannie's hand was sought in marriage it was with all becoming formality and ceremony, and the husband's privileges were enhanced by the restraint which custom entailed during courtship. A sedate walk or drive, one, or at most two dances in an evening; and a chaste salute at long and uncertain intervals, when the chaperon was off-guard,

with the exchange of a few letters which were models of composition and caligraphy, were the chief joys of the affianced lovers. The domestic arrangements of the young couple were on the most modest scale, and the sum upon which Grannie kept house and educated her children, would be regarded by the modern Benedict as a totally inadequate pittance for providing him with cab fares and cigars. Yet, according to all accounts, there seems to have been no close, cheese-paring policy in that sweet old-time dwelling which long since was swept away to make room for modern improvements. Grannie's

fingers were always busy, her body active and her mind ever planning what would most conduce to the comfort of others, for if there is one trait more prominent than another in her disposition it is unselfishness.



HORN BOOK IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM



A SAND WRITING-TABLE

Grannie loves to talk of the past; of the scenes of her youth and happy married life. If the tales are oft repeated now that memory is failing, and her hold on life is gradually

relaxing, should they not be listened to with the same loving attention for the sake of the patience she has exercised towards us from our youth upwards? For us she bore the heat and burden of the day, and laboured without ceasing. Now it is our sacred privilege to make her happiness our first consideration, to shield her from every care and danger with our strong arm; then, when the thread of life is cut and the gentle spirit returns to God who gave it, we shall not mourn as those who have no hope.

FASHIONS AND FRIPPERIES.

Fabrics of divers colours have been prepared for the coming winter, and in tweeds especially a touch of Oriental brilliancy is obtained. Formerly, these useful but homely materials were only produced in neutral tints, and those who wore them were content with Quaker-like habits of grey, brown, and stone colour. Now transverse lines and Tartan effects are introduced with excellent effect, and when such gowns are made up in conjunction with velvet, they present quite a smart appearance and cost but little. Very charming, too, are silk and woollen mixtures of contrasting colours and raised designs. These are intended for dressy house and visiting costumes, and are well adapted for such a purpose. In many respects they call to mind the various patterns of *crêpon* universally popular for the last nine months. But the new cloths are of firmer



A SIMPLE EVENING DRESS

texture than their predecessors, and will resist a fair amount of hard wear. Linings of silk have become so usual that we miss the pleasant *frou-frou* when absent. As the principal item of expenditure is the making-up of the gown and the fabrics thereof, linen linings should be reserved for the simplest dresses only. A double-pinked frill of the prevailing shades in the pattern makes a dainty finish to the hem of the skirt, and prevents the frayed appearance which is so often seen when no form of *balayuse* is used. Pretty lace ruffles at neck and sleeves soften hard outlines, and give the touch feminine which there is so much danger of losing in these *fin-de-siècle* days when women career over the land in Bloomers and adopt professions for which mentally and physically they are unsuited. Those who are compelled to study economy will be glad to know that the pretty shot silks which have done excellent service during the summer will make good linings for winter gowns if unpicked, damped and ironed, or they will serve again as the foundation for simple dinner-gowns if covered with black lace or grenadine. Though black satin, silk, velvet or brocaded gowns are not to be recommended for young people, they form useful items in the wardrobe of the matron and can be varied at pleasure if a little thought and ingenuity be brought to bear in the accessories. I recently saw a very stylish dress of this description composed of black brocade. The skirt was full and plain, falling in easy folds round the figure. One



STYLISH WALKING COSTUME

bodice had large *revers* trimmed with black lace and jet, opening over a waistcoat of forget-me-not blue brocade with a bold design of white flowers. This was worn in change with a full vest of mulberry satin with pastel buttons. The lower edge of the *corsage* had a frill of lace, with festoons and a plain band of jet. At the back were long ribbon ends, reaching to the bottom of the skirt. The same skirt was sometimes worn with a low, round bodice of brocade which had a pointed vest of rich white satin covered with cream Irish guipure and a deep *berthe* of lace. Puffed sleeves trimmed with fringes and bands of jet reached to the elbow.

The first illustration shows a gown of chestnut velveteen, with embroidered bands of the same arranged in a rather novel manner. The evening dress of silver-grey *satén de Lyon* has the neck outlined by pink leafless roses, which contrast prettily with the material used. The child's frock is of crimson-faced cloth, with yoke and trimmings of silk in the same colour. Evening wraps generally consist of long loose mantles approaching the Watteau in form, with gigantic sleeves designed with a view to the preservation from crushing to the large puffs worn beneath them. Some form of brocaded material in bright colours is usually employed



FROCK FOR A GIRL OF TEN

with linings of fur and figured or shot silk. The trimmings consist of handsome lace over a self colour, or in bands of ostrich feathers and fur. The latest novelty in millinery is the low crowned white beaver hat, with a moderate brim. The trimming, generally, consists of a large velvet ribbon bow on the left side, through the loops of which an enormous gull feather is usually tucked, often exceeding the length of the hat.

Picturesque hats of black and coloured velvet, trimmed with jet, paste buckles, and wedding plumes, are also in great demand, and the ever green *toque*, so becoming to the majority of

faces, is also well to the fore. Bonnets are of moderate size, flat and broad. Whether they shall be tied or stringless is a matter entirely decided by the wearer. Pointed bows of velvet, edged with sequins, or embroidered with jet or steel, osprey and feathers, are the favourite garnitures. Ever since her Majesty started the fashion by wearing a bonnet at the Jubilee ablaze with diamonds, the trade in paste ornaments has proceeded with leaps and bounds till now they are such perfect imitations of real stones that only a connoisseur in gems can detect the difference.

Famous British Ships

AND THEIR COMMANDERS.

BY WALTER WOOD.

THE "VICTORY" AND NELSON.

IT is something to be thankful for that the matchless relic of our most glorious naval fight should still be visible to all good Englishmen who have the means and time to run and see her as she lies in Portsmouth Harbour. Since such things happened on board as the killing of eight marines by a double-headed shot, and the killing of a man simply by the wind of a round shot, there have been many changes on Nelson's famous ship. She has been nearly renewed internally, for the hand of decay has rested heavily upon her; but the old *Victory* is there, and the old romance and fascination are about her still. On the 21st of October in every year the valiant heart of oak is decked with flags and evergreens, symbolic of the lasting nature of her deeds; and while at all times she is a spur to noble acts by English sea-dogs, she is on that great anniversary dear beyond expression to every man who loves the "Great Green Mother."

For two years, less ten days, Nelson never set foot out of the *Victory*, and the time of the imprisonment was not long passed before he fell upon her quarter-deck never to rise again. He had a strong foreboding of the end. When Blackwood, captain of the frigate *Euryalus*, shook hands with him before he went to deliver instructions to the line-of-battle ships at Trafalgar, he said he hoped on his return to the *Victory* to find Nelson well and in possession of twenty prizes. Nelson answered, "God bless you, Blackwood; I shall never see you again." Not much more than three hours later he died in the cock-pit, murmuring, "I have done my duty; I praise God for it."

The suffering of wounded men in the cock-pit in the days of Nelson is known by what has been put on record concerning other battles.

In some fights struggling wretches were seized and held upon a table while a leg or arm was taken off by surgeons who worked like butchers in a slaughter-house. The severed limbs were thrown over-

*M^r Bortham's Com^d to M^r Kee: he understands he is Agent
to M^r Swadlow, the Master of the Schooner, should be obliged to him
for a recommendation in favour of Thomas Wilson, a young Lad
Nephew to Captain Swadlow, who is going on this ship.
The Master is a respectable man, for a young Lad to be introduced to
therefore M^r Bortham will be obliged to M^r Kee, for a letter - The ship's
wait only for the Com^d Dispatches*

*Navy Office
20 Oct 1792*

board, and it frequently happened that men whose cases were known to be hopeless were cast into the sea as an act of mercy and humanity. Nelson was sinking fast when he sent for Captain Hardy to visit him. "I am a dead man, Hardy," he said, when the Captain came below. "I am going fast. It will all be over with me soon." Just after Hardy returned on deck the firing so affected the dying chief that he groaned: "O, *Victory, Victory*, how you distract my poor



NELSON, FROM A DRAWING BY C. GRIGIMO, NAPLES, 1797

brain!" Shortly afterwards he said: "How dear is life to all men!" Nelson endured the agonies of thirst in addition to the pain of his mortal wound. He called repeatedly for drink, and asked to be fanned with paper, saying: "Fan, fan," and "Drink, drink." His only covering was a sheet, and this he so often pushed away that it was the sole care of an attendant to put it over his body again. From what Nelson suffered, in spite of all the attention that could be given to him, and in spite of every effort made to alleviate his pain, one can imagine, but can scarcely

realise, the agonies endured by the rank and file, to whom in the stress of battle it was impossible to do more than give the merest necessary aid.

Napoleon—"that vain fool," as Nelson called him—died at St. Helena during a great storm, murmuring, "Head of the Army;" the man who had done so much to crush his power passed away as the last roars of the English, French and Spanish guns re-echoed over the waters of Trafalgar Bay. The day of the battle itself was calm, but with the night a gale arose, and in the midst of the wind, rain, and lightning the souls of many men went to join that of their great commander.

The bodies of the two mighty combatants were borne over the same seas to their last resting places, the one in St. Paul's and the other in the Church of the Invalides, "on the banks of the Seine, amongst the people whom he had loved so well."

Nelson's body was the first by thirty-five years to make the journey. It was preserved in spirits, and the *Victory*, flying the hero's flag at half-mast, carried it to England. Two days before Christmas an Admiralty yacht received it for conveyance to Chatham, and as the famous coffin was lowered the stout three-decker struck his lordship's flag for the last time at the fore, and it was hoisted half-mast high on board the yacht. With the solemn ceremony the end came to the connection between the *Victory* and Nelson. The flagship at Trafalgar was not his favourite vessel. That honoured craft was the *Agamemnon*, of 64 guns, which had her share in that glorious day's work as well as in other fights.

The *Victory* was launched in 1765, and was a three-decked line-of-battle ship of 100 guns, the heaviest of which was a 40-pounder. She is 186 feet long and 52 feet, 4 inches, broad, 2,164 tons burden, and carried 850 men. She was in Hotham's victory over the French in 1795, Jervis's triumph over the Spaniards at Cape St. Vincent in 1797, and finished her fighting career at Trafalgar. There was another *Victory* before her, a three-decker of rather more than a thousand tons, which was built at Portsmouth in 1737. She foundered in the English Channel in the night between October 4th and 5th, 1744, carrying with her Admiral Balchen and his crew of more than 1,000 men.

The worn and slender figure of Nelson has been made familiar to us all by his portraits, as well as the pictures which have been painted of the scene on the quarter-deck and in the cock-pit of the *Victory* and of some of the chief fights in which he took part. He himself, in 1804, best summed up his condition. "When I run over the undermentioned wounds," he wrote—"eye in Corsica, belly off Cape St. Vincent, arm at Teneriffe and head in Egypt, I ought to be thankful what I am." Nelson was disposed to make somewhat light of his injuries, as the foregoing letter, as well as the first he wrote with his left hand, will show. In 1797, having lost his right arm, he wrote to Sir John Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent, saying, "I hope you will be able to give me a frigate to convey the remains of my carcass to England," and adding at the end, "You will excuse my scrawl, considering it is my first attempt." One of Nelson's last requests was that his "carcass" might be sent to England, and not thrown overboard.

In killed alone the *Victory* was the heaviest sufferer of the English ships at Trafalgar, the number being 57. The *Royal Sovereign* and the *Téméraire* had each 47 killed, but the *Colossus* had the largest total of killed and wounded—200, of whom 160 were wounded. All the *Victory's* rigging was cut to pieces, and her spars were so much smashed by shot that they were not fit to use; her mizen-topmast was shot away, and her fore and mainmasts and their yards, the bowsprit, the jib-boom, the maintopmast, cap and fore and maintops were badly damaged. Her hull was much damaged, and she received some shot between wind and water. Several beams, knees, and riders were injured, and ports and port timbers were knocked off, while the starboard cat-head was shot away, and the starboard bower and spare anchor completely disabled. Of the killed, the most curious case was that of the captain's clerk, Thomas Whipple. He was killed by the wind of a round shot—perhaps the only instance on record of such a death. When examined no wound or scratch of any kind was found on the body.

It has been said of some famous ships—notably the *Royal George*—that the number of relics made out of them would be enough to build a vessel two or three times over. It would be interesting to know how many "relics" of the *Victory* have been made of wood that never formed part either of the *Victory* or any other warship. There are, however, a very large number of authentic relics of Nelson and his flagships. Between March, 1814 and January, 1815, the *Victory* was under-



LORD COLLINGWOOD

going extensive repairs, and part of the wood in the midshipman's berth against which Nelson leaned when he died was preserved. From that wood a box was made; a box was made from that portion of the deck on which Nelson fell, and an arm-chair was made of oak taken from the *Victory* when she was repaired, and given to John, second Earl of Chatham, when he was first Lord of the Admiralty. A tooth-pick case has been made out of a splinter from the quarter-deck, and whenever possible bits of the old ship have been seized upon and secured for longer preservation than might be the case on the salt water. In 1890, when the *Victory* was in dry dock, a piece of timber was taken from her and went into the possession of a private firm holding many interesting naval relics.

Of other relics relating to the *Victory* there are to-day many in existence. Every little thing concerning Nelson has been seized and proudly held.

The Queen has the bullet which killed Nelson, and many who read this article will have seen that deeply interesting missile. Innumerable locks of Nelson's hair have been preserved, and even some of the spirit in which his body was brought to England has been kept and publicly shown. Much of the clothing worn by him and many articles known to have been used by him, have been handed down, and will be handed down, from generation to generation, in affectionate remembrance of England's foremost naval chief.

A piece of "top-lining" of the foresail which took the *Victory* into action at Trafalgar was accidentally discovered stowed away in a long disused sail-room in Chatham Dockyard more than sixty-five years after the battle. When it was opened out it was found to be much torn by shot and stained with blood. Part of the Union Jack of the *Victory*, which was carried in the procession at Nelson's funeral, and which it was intended should be lowered into the grave, but which was torn up and distributed by the sailors, is in the possession of the Royal United Service Institution, and that society also has amongst its treasures the laurel ornaments from Nelson's state coffin, one of Nelson's cocked hats, two lava buttons worn by him, and some gold lace from the coat he wore when he lost his arm. The institution also has a model of Nelson's coffin, made partly of wood from the *Royal George* and partly of wood from the *Victory*, as well as a pin-cushion embroidered by Lady Nelson. This article was begun while she was attending Nelson during his suffering consequent on the amputation of his arm, and was finished while he was absent at the Battle of the Nile. A private owner has the Nelson Cenotaph, made of the eighty-four guineas found in Nelson's purse at the

time he was mortally wounded at Trafalgar. The guineas, as well as the rest of the effects of the dead admiral, were sent to Davison, Nelson's close friend and agent, and he had the coins worked into the cenotaph. The handles are modelled from the stern and prow of the barge in which Nelson's body was conveyed from Greenwich to Whitehall previous to the funeral. The barge is preserved on board the *Victory*. A lady of title possesses Nelson's arm-chair which was in the cabin of the *Victory* at Trafalgar. The chair was shattered by a round shot during the battle, and is now held together with iron bands. The decanter and wine-glasses used by Nelson on the eve of Trafalgar have been preserved, as well as a bottle of port which was on board during the fight. The saucer used by him on the morning of the day on which he met his death, which was taken from Nelson's cabin by a midshipman, has been safely handed down to the present generation.

Nelson, like many other distinguished officers, never forgot a service that was done to him. When, some time after the affair at Teneriffe, he was passing through Salisbury, he recognised in the immense and enthusiastic crowd a man who had assisted at the amputation of his right arm, and afterwards attended him. He beckoned to him to come up the stairs of the Council House, and in remembrance of his services at the time made him a present. The man took from his bosom a piece of lace which he had torn from the sleeve of the amputated limb, and said that he had preserved it, and ever would preserve it, in memory of his old commander. Nelson suffered long and severely from the effects of the amputation, and for three months after his return to England there was scarcely any intermission of his agony. One night, after a day of incessant pain, he went to bed early, in the hope of enjoying some respite by means of laudanum. Soon there was a violent knocking at the door by the mob, who wanted to know why the house was not illuminated in honour of Duncan's victory off Camperdown. The mob were told that Admiral Nelson lay there in bed, badly wounded, and the leader replied at once: "You shall hear no more of us to-night." Notwithstanding the confusion and exultation of such a time, the news that Nelson lay ill spread far and wide, and the house in which he lodged was not again troubled.

When Nelson had completely recovered from the loss of his arm he went to receive a year's pay as "smart" money, on account of the loss of his eye at Calvi. But he could not obtain payment, as he had neglected to bring a surgeon's certificate that the sight was actually destroyed. He went away somewhat nettled that in his case, when the loss of his eye was known throughout the land, the form should be insisted upon; and when procuring the certificate for the eye he got one for his arm also, saying that the authorities might just as well doubt the one as the other. On his return to the office the clerk whom he saw, finding that all Nelson was entitled to was the annual pay of a captain, remarked that he thought it had been more. Nelson answered, "Oh, this is only for an eye. In a few days I shall come for an arm; and in a little time longer, God knows, probably for a leg." He soon after went for the "smart" money for his arm, and with the utmost good humour showed the certificate which he had obtained.

Never were Nelson's qualities as a dashing naval chief more clearly shown than at Copenhagen on April 2nd, 1801. He was in a desperate situation, and his Commander-in-chief, knowing this, threw out the signal to discontinue the action. Nelson was by this time in the heat of battle, hoping for nothing and caring for nothing but victory. He was pacing the quarter-deck of the *Elephant*, a 74-gun ship. Southey tells the story. "About this time the signal-lieutenant called out that No. 39 (the signal for discontinuing the action) was thrown out by the Commander-in-chief. He continued to walk the deck, and appeared to take no notice of it. The signal-officer met him at the next turn, and asked if he should repeat it. 'No,' he replied, 'acknowledge it. Presently he called after him to know if the signal for close action was still hoisted, and being answered in the affirmative, said, 'Mind you keep it so.' He now paced the deck, moving the stump of his lost

arm in a manner which always indicated great emotion. 'Do you know?' said he to Mr. Fergusson, 'what is shown on board the Commander-in-chief? Number 39!' Mr. Fergusson asked him what that meant. 'Why, to leave off action!' Then shrugging his shoulders, he repeated his words—"Leave off action! Now damn me if I do! You know, Foley," turning to the captain, 'I have only one eye—I have a right to be blind sometimes;' and then putting the glass to his blind eye, in that mood of mind which sports with bitterness, he exclaimed, 'Damn the signal! Keep mine for closer battle flying! That's the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast!'"

It is but common justice, the editor of James's *Naval History* has pointed out, to state that the Commander-in-chief, Sir Hyde Parker, made the signal to discontinue the action so that Nelson might withdraw from the contest if, owing to the different ships being unable to reach their stations, some being aground, he felt that his force was insufficient to maintain the attack; for it was clear that the Commander-in-chief could not proffer the least assistance. The signal was made with a generous intention.

At Copenhagen, Captain Henry Rion, commanding the 38-gun frigate *Amazon*, had the *Blanche* and *Alcmène*, frigates, the *Dart* and *Arrow*, sloops, and the *Zephyr* and *Otter*, fire-ships, given to him with a special command to act as circumstances might require. Every other ship had her appointed station. Rion saw the signal of recall, his little squadron being nearest the Commander-in-chief, and his ships hauled off from a most unequal encounter. The *Amazon* had been firing for a long time, and was enveloped in smoke. Rion told his men to stand fast and let the smoke clear off, so they could see what they were doing. The order proved fatal, for getting a clear view of the *Amazon* from their batteries, the Danes poured so heavy a fire upon her that she and her consort were only saved from destruction by obeying the signal to discontinue. Rion drew off unwillingly, saying: "What will Nelson think of us?" He had been wounded already, and was sitting on a gun encouraging his men, when the *Amazon* unavoidably presented her stern to the Trekroner batteries. Rion's clerk was killed by his side by a shot, and another shot killed several men who were hauling in the main brace. The brave Rion exclaimed: "Come then, my boys, let us all die together!" He had scarcely uttered the words when a shot cut him in two. Nelson never met Rion until the time of the expedition against Copenhagen, but he saw and understood the captain's worth at once, and his death was a severe blow to him. The total British loss at Copenhagen was 350 killed and mortally wounded, and 850 recoverably and slightly wounded.

Copenhagen was the hundred and fifth engagement in which Nelson had taken part, but he told the Crown Prince of Denmark that that was the most tremendous of them all. "The French," he said, "fought bravely; but they could not have stood for one hour the fight which the Danes had supported for four." During the battle a lad of seventeen, named Villemoes, distinguished himself in such a way as to excite Nelson's warmest admiration, and Nelson afterwards, when on shore, requested that the youth might be introduced to him. His wish was gratified, and shaking hands with Villemoes he told the prince that he ought to be made an admiral. "If, my lord," said the prince, "I am to make all my brave officers admirals, I should have no captains or lieutenants in my service."

Nelson's coolness in the hour of danger was strikingly exemplified at the close of this great fight. He wrote, in the stern gallery of the *Elephant*, his famous letter to the Crown Prince with respect to the armistice—the letter in which he said, "The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies of the English." A wafer was given to him, but he refused to use it to seal the letter. He ordered a candle to be brought from the cockpit, and sealed the letter with wax, affixing a larger seal than usual. "This is no time," he said, "to appear hurried and informal."

The adventure of Nelson with the Polar bear is better known than his escape from death by snake-bite. In April, 1780, at the Island of St. Bartolomeo, while carrying out some military operations, Nelson, being greatly fatigued, was sleeping in a hammock which had been slung under some trees. While he slept a monitory lizard passed across his face. The Indians saw the creature, and knowing what it



NELSON, FROM A CONTEMPORARY ENGRAVING

indicated they awoke him. Nelson started up and found one of the deadliest serpents of the country coiled up at his feet. It is to be assumed that the reptile was killed on the spot, although the account of the escape says nothing on this point. Just before this happened one of the men of the expedition was bitten under the eye by a snake which darted at him from the bough of a tree. He was

not able to proceed, owing to the pain of the bite, and when some of his comrades were sent back to his assistance they found that he was dead and the body already putrid.

Another of Nelson's narrow escapes was at the Battle of the Nile, where he received a severe wound on the head from a piece of langridge shot. As he was falling Captain Berry caught him in his arms. So great was the effusion of blood that Nelson, as well as others, thought the injury was mortal. He was in total darkness, one eye being blind and a large piece of skin and flesh from the forehead having fallen over the other. When he was taken into the cockpit the surgeon quitted the man whose wounds he was then attending so that he might see to the Admiral. "No," said Nelson, "I will take my turn with my brave fellows." He kept his word, and refused to have his wound examined until every man who had been previously hurt had received attention. So convinced was Nelson that the injury was mortal that he asked the chaplain to deliver his dying remembrance to Lady Nelson, and took other steps to have what he supposed were his dying wishes carried out.

Soon after Nelson learned that his wound was not mortal the cry was raised on board that the *Orient* was on fire. In the awful confusion of that moment Nelson, unassisted and unnoticed, found his way on deck, and suffering though he was at once gave orders that the boats should be sent to relieve the enemy. The alarm was raised at nine o'clock at night, and an hour later the French ship blew up with an awful sound. The explosion was succeeded by perfect stillness, the firing on each side having instantly ceased. That silence was only broken by the sound of the riven timbers of the line-of-battle ship as they plunged into the water from the tremendous height to which they had been blown.

With the name of the *Orient* the story of Nelson's coffin will ever be called to mind. The *Swiftsure* picked up part of the *Orient's* mainmast, and Captain Hallowell ordered his carpenter to make a coffin out of it. The iron, as well as the wood, was taken from the wreck of the *Orient*, and when it is finished Hallowell sent it to Nelson with the following letter:—"Sir, I have taken the liberty of presenting you a coffin, made from the mainmast of *L'Orient*, that when you have finished your military career in this world you may be buried in one of your trophies. But that that period may be far distant, is the earnest wish of your sincere friend, Benjamin Hallowell." Nelson took the offering as it was meant, and had the coffin placed upright in his cabin. The article, however, did not commend itself to all people as it did to Nelson, and finally at the earnest entreaty of an old and faithful attendant, he consented to have the coffin removed below. He gave strict orders, however, that special care should be taken of it, so that it might fulfil the purpose of its donor. In that coffin Nelson lies buried in St. Paul's.

Take a bird's-eye view of Nelson's career, and see what a life it was—what a time of battle, what a list of triumphs. St. Vincent, the Nile, Copenhagen, Trafalgar—four of England's most glorious naval combats, and he was the central figure of the three greatest. His rise in the service was rapid, but not more rapid than his merits warranted. Born in 1758 he was a lieutenant in 1777, and a commander in 1778. At the age of twenty-one he was a captain, and before he was twenty-two he had attained the rank that put within his reach all the honours of the service. Prince William Henry, who became such a firm friend of Nelson, described him as looking the merest boy of a captain he had ever seen, dressed as he was in a full-laced uniform, an old-fashioned waistcoat with long flaps, and his lank, unpowdered hair tied in a stiff Hessian tail of extraordinary length. Yet this was the man who could wait on a general officer and say, when he was told that old generals were not in the habit of taking advice from young gentlemen, "Sir, I am as old as the Prime Minister of England, and think myself as capable of commanding one of His Majesty's ships as that minister is of governing the State." To continue our survey: he commanded the *Agamemnon*—"poor

Agamemnon," he was accustomed to say, "was as nearly worn out as her captain; and both must soon be laid up to repair"—at the reduction of Corsica in 1794, losing his eye at the siege of Calvi. He was Commodore at St. Vincent on February 14th, 1797, and became Rear-Admiral in the same year. In that year also he lost his arm in the unsuccessful attack on Teneriffe. In 1798 he commanded a detached squadron in the Mediterranean, and won the Battle of the Nile on August 1st and 2nd. He was created Baron Nelson of the Nile, and in 1799 the King of Naples raised him to the title of Duke of Bronte in Sicily. He commanded a detachment of the Fleet in the Baltic, and won the Battle of Copenhagen on April 2nd, 1801. He was made Viscount Nelson, and from 1803 to 1805 was Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean. In the hour of victory he met his death at Trafalgar, nearly a month after his forty-seventh birthday.

Nelson believed that he would live to do mighty things before death claimed him. After his visit to the region of the North Pole he was sent to the East Indies, where a stay of eighteen months so seriously affected him that he was almost reduced to a skeleton and nearly lost the use of his limbs. His only hope of recovery was a voyage home, and that voyage he made. So depressed was he that he felt that he would never rise in his profession.

"I could," he said, "discover no means of reaching the object of my ambition. After a long and gloomy reverie, in which I almost wished myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled within me, and presented my King and country as my patron. 'Well, then,' I exclaimed, 'I will be a hero, and, confiding in Providence, I will brave every danger!'"

He was gloomy and discouraged at a later period also, and was actually upon the point of quitting the service. For five months he seldom or never left the *Boreas*, which he then commanded, and which was kept at the Nore from the end of June until the end of November as a sloop and receiving ship. Nelson was intensely indignant at this treatment, which he considered unworthy of the country for which he had already done so much; and when orders were received for the *Boreas* to be prepared for being paid off he expressed his joy, and told another officer that it was his firm and unalterable determination never again to set foot on board a King's ship, and that as soon as he reached London he would resign his commission.

Nelson, however, got better treatment, and the Navy kept him as its own. Not long after this he said, "My fortune, God knows, has grown worse for the service; so much for serving my country. . . . I have invariably laid down, and followed close, a plan of what ought to be uppermost in the breast of an officer—that it is much better to serve an ungrateful country than to give up his own fame." After the fall of Calvi he again felt that he was neglected, and he complained that he had not had justice done to him, although men had been praised who, while he had been wounded, were actually in bed and far from the scene of action. "They have not done me justice," he said; "but never mind, I'll have a 'Gazette' of my own."

When Nelson made that prophecy he doubtless believed that what he had said would come to pass; but he could not have known that the "Gazette" would be such as to keep his memory green in the hearts of Englishmen for evermore.

Peter Longfellow's Adventures.

BY COLIN CARRE

CHAPTER IX.

THE ROUTE TO THE CRYSTAL TEMPLE.

RUPERT GLENDALE was now rapidly regaining health and strength. The change and gentle exercise on the lake restored the hue of health to his cheeks and made the life blood course with its accustomed vigour through his veins, to great delight of his chums, Peter and Jack Fisk.

Gubenlos had been indefatigable in providing the invalid with all the dainties that his prowess could secure, for the borders of the lake afforded an abundance of wild fowl, and each day the grave but thoughtful chief brought in some new tit-bit, whilst Glendale had remained on his couch of skins.

The chief had tried to dissuade them from venturing into the chasm that was reported to lead to the Crystal Temple. "Why endanger your lives," he had argued, "in attempting to find out where the subterranean passage leads to? Are there not lions and elephants in abundance to be had for the looking for? The hunting for them has satisfied you hitherto."

"No doubt you are right, Gubenlos," Peter replied, "but we have set our hearts on exploring this temple, if there be such a place; but we shall proceed with the utmost caution and not run any foolhardy risks."

It may be well to explain more fully the position of this curious underground waterway, which was briefly referred to by Gubenlos in the last chapter and which, native tradition asserted, led to a temple wherein an everlasting light of intense brilliancy burnt night and day, and wherein rested in their last sleep people of a by-gone age who were said to have light skins and golden hair. The northern end of the lake Tanganika on the eastern shore was bordered by a rocky cliff of some height, over which tropical plants and broad-leaved palm-ferns grew in such rich profusion as to hide from a casual view the nature of the cliff. With slight indentations and occasional valleys this rocky formation bordered the lake for many miles along the eastern shore. It was in this cliff, some three or four miles distant from where their hut lay on the banks of the lake, that Gubenlos had pointed out the dark opening, almost hidden by masses of overhanging creepers and ferns, which was the strange waterway said to penetrate far into the interior of the mountains which lay behind. The cave was on the level of the lake, the water from which ran into its chasm as far as the eye could penetrate. Peter and Rupert had arranged to make a trip to it that afternoon to commence a preliminary exploration and settle the plans on which they were to proceed.

They started off in the canoe, Gubenlos accompanying them, and after an hour's paddling arrived at the entrance of the cavern, which they approached with care, as Gubenlos said there was a considerable stream setting into it. "Does this stream flow out beyond the mountain?" asked Peter.

"No one knows where it goes, or if it ever flows beneath the light of the sun again," answered the chief, as he brought the canoe to a standstill at the cave's mouth. They could see into its gloomy depths some little way and there appeared to be plenty of room for their little boat to progress if they desired to go on. But

this was not yet Peter's intention, and he desired Gubenlos to draw up to one side of the entrance where a number of ferns and palms flourished under the shade of the cliff, whilst great festoons of white flowering jessamine hung pendant over the entrance.

Peter then made fast to one of the stoutest palms the end of a long coil of rope which he had brought with him and from his seat in the stern of the canoe he allowed the rope to slowly pass through his hands as the current bore them under the cliff. When they had proceeded a very short distance the rays of daylight so diminished that Glendale, who was in the bows as a lookout, could not distinguish anything ahead of them. To get over this difficulty Gubenlos proposed they should make a floating light and let it drift ahead of them some few yards to pioneer the way. This was soon fixed up with the aid of some beeswax and a few shreds of linen to form the candle, which was fixed on the flat blade of a spare paddle and allowed to float ahead of them, held by a fishing line by Glendale. So far the tunnel continued straight and clear, varying only slightly in its diameter, sometimes narrowing a trifle, then growing wider again.

Carefully and slowly, yard by yard, Peter slacked out his rope until the lump of wood to which was tied its extremity was in his hand.

"That's the end of the rope," said Peter, to his companions, "any thing in view, Glenny?"

"Not the slightest sign of anything," answered Glendale, "and if you notice there is scarcely a sound to be heard, so that it would seem the stream continues without a fall for some distance."

"Is there much power in the current, Gubenlos?" asked Peter.

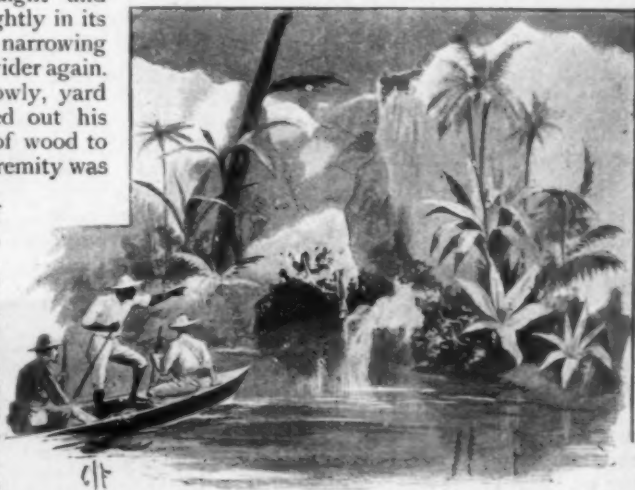
The chief gave a few strokes with his paddle and the canoe commenced to travel back towards the mouth of the cave.

"It is easy to return, Ravanka," he said, as he allowed the canoe to drift again.

For a few moments the little party remained silent, then Peter Longfellow took up an assegai, which lay at the bottom of the canoe, and began to thrust about in the cliff at his side, and soon he drove it firmly into a cranny.

"See here," he began, "suppose we return and untie the rope and drift down with the light well ahead of us, until we find the stream grows too strong for you to paddle against or the light shows danger ahead."

As there was little risk in this proceeding, they acted on the suggestion, and Gubenlos, paddling energetically for a few minutes, brought the canoe back to the entrance, Peter wound up his coil of rope and they prepared for their trip. With their little light floating twenty or thirty yards ahead of them, the canoe was allowed to drift down the subterranean stream. Gubenlos, steering from the stern, repeatedly tested the strength of the current, but it ran very evenly and did not appear to increase. They drifted, as nearly as they could judge, over a mile and



"THEY ARRIVED AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVERN"

yet the cavern maintained its regularity. Here and there long stalactites hung pendulous from the roof, glistening like rods of polished silver as they caught the gleam of the floating candle. An occasional bat, disturbed by the presence of such unaccustomed illumination, circled round them as though investigating the intruders, and then with a "weet, weet," betook itself back to its eternal darkness. Beyond a few words of caution or advice to each other as the canoe glided past the dank and slippery walls of the cave, the three men said little, until Peter suddenly stayed their progress by thrusting his paddle into a crevice in the cliff, remarking: "We've gone far enough to satisfy our curiosity, Glenny. This river apparently goes on for some distance yet, possibly miles, and we are not prepared for any surprises; our best plan will be to return now, and prepare for our voyage. This little preliminary trip will suggest many requisites."

"Right you are," answered his friend; then he continued, "Doesn't the silence strike you as most extraordinary? Listen! There's not even a ripple from the water as it washes past the banks or the splash of falling water from above."

It was as he said. A perfect silence seemed to reign along this uncanny rivulet, which at last became so unbearable to him that he threw back his head, as he lay full length at the bottom of the canoe, and gave forth the Swiss Yödel with all his lungs. The result was so extraordinary that it brought him with a bound into a sitting posture. His call had struck the roof of the cave and reverberated back on to the water, whence it echoed off the rocky sides, echoing and re-echoing up and down the stream until there seemed to be thousands of fairy Yödelers calling to each other all around them, gradually growing fainter and fainter until the ear could scarcely tell when the last echo had ended. Peter burst out into a ringing peal of laughter at the comical look on Glendale's countenance at the disturbance he had made. He-he-he! ha-ha-ha! he-ha-he! ha-ha-he! and so on ran the mocking echoes, taking up Peter's cachinatory effort, and carrying it through the various gamuts of sound as they had previously done with his friend's Yödel.

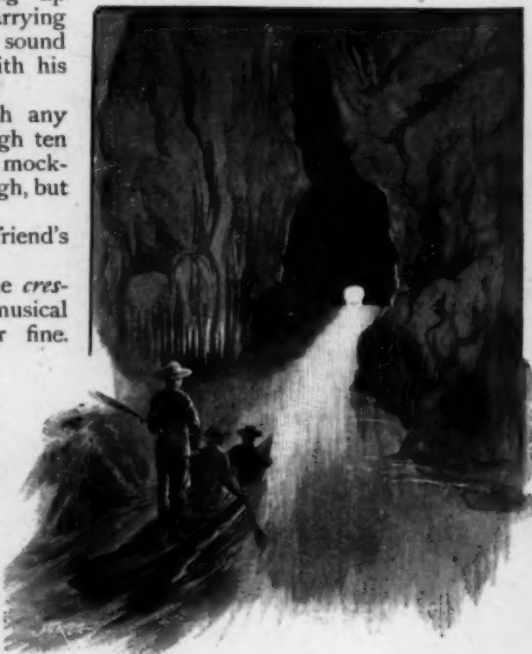
"Great Scott! don't laugh any more. It sounded just as though ten thousand imps of darkness were mocking us. My Yödel was bad enough, but that 'he, he' was too dreadful."

Peter, smiling at his friend's simulated horror, said:—

"I rather like the effect: the *crescendo pianissimo* results, as the musical critics would say, were rather fine. Shall I try it again?"

"No, thanks; I couldn't stand an encore. If I may be allowed to make a remark, I would suggest that we go back. I'm getting peckish, and the only food I see is the remains of the candle, which, by the way, is getting low."

His last remark was so obvious that Peter hauled the candle on board, and handing it to Glendale to protect, took up his paddle and together with



"THERE IS THE OPENING," SAID CUBENLOS

Gubenlos, set to work to retrace their way. The wind created by their progression caused their make-shift candle to flicker and gutter, and Glendale had all his work to keep it alight, and this he was only able to do by holding it low down in the bow of the canoe, where the light it gave was little better than useless. With all their care and caution, therefore, the canoe was frequently scraping the sides of the cavern, and their paddles struck the rocky banks still more often.

"See, there is the opening," said Gubenlos, his keen vision first catching sight of the little star of light ahead of them, and a very short time brought them again into the light of day. For the rest of the way home they discussed the various necessities requisite for their adventure.

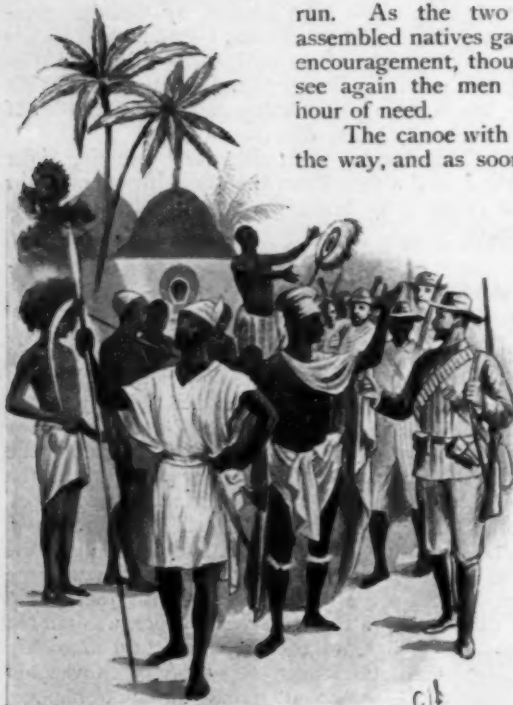
CHAPTER X.

THE VOYAGE DOWN THE TEMPLE RIVER.

THE canoe in which Peter had made their preliminary trip down the Temple river as they came to call it, was a native birch-built affair, very light, and easily handled, but frail. The thought had come across Peter as they occasionally struck against the cliff sides, while they were paddling in the darkness, as to what they should do if the canoe struck on a jagged point and sprang a leak. Even if she filled and floated they would have little command over her, and must drift with the stream. Talking it over together, Gubenlos proposed they should have two canoes, so that if one got damaged they could all get into the other until it was repaired. He and Jack Fisk would go in one, he suggested, and Ravanka and Glendale in the other. This was admitted by all to be a good idea, and a couple of new, large canoes were obtained next day from King Ceetywa's own fleet. With Jack's help Peter covered the exterior of both canoes with a canvas sheath, which was affixed with a waterproof solution of pitch and resin, and the same mixture smoothly painted over the canvas, made a good job of the work. A supply of canvas and pitch mixture would enable them to patch up at once any damage likely to happen.

While this was being done, Gubenlos was purchasing and preparing numberless coils of native spun rope. This was made from native grown flax of the choicest make, and was so beautifully spun together that a string, but a trifle thicker than a slate pencil, could sustain the united strength of three men pulling at it. Five thousand yards of this string were requisite. Peter's intention was to drift down the Temple river as far as they could go, if the stream did not run too fast for them to paddle back, then when the current increased beyond their strength to return against it, he intended to drive the iron head of an assegai into the cliff side, and affix his cable, and at every hundred yards or less another assegai head would give support to the cable which, with a loop, would hang secure. By this means they could proceed for nearly two and a-half miles, secure of being able to haul themselves back up the stream against which it would be impossible to paddle. If when they came to the end of their cable their journey was still unfinished, they they would have to return for further supplies of rope. A large supply of biltong and mealy biscuits were packed away in skins, as reserve stores, and each man carried ten pounds weight of the same food, together with a large supply of cartridges and a dozen large candles in a sort of haversack on his back ready for any emergency. A couple of good lanterns with oil formed part of the equipment, and each had a rifle and revolvers, while Jack Fisk and Gubenlos carried in addition a short iron crow-bar each. Glendale strapped his air-gun to his rifle.

Rumours of the expedition they were about to enter on had got noised round the neighbourhood. A large crowd of Wonokos assembled to see the little band of adventurers depart and quite a flotilla of canoes accompanied them to the entrance of the cave. Ceetywa himself and many of the chiefs were of the party, and the King earnestly tried to persuade Peter from the adventure, whilst all the elder chiefs shook their heads and protested at the risk which to their minds was being foolishly



"A CROWD OF WONOKOS ASSEMBLED"

run. As the two canoes entered the cavern the assembled natives gave the explorers a parting cheer of encouragement, though very few of them expected to see again the men who had stood by them in their hour of need.

The canoe with Peter and Glendale on board led the way, and as soon as they had got away from the faint gleam of daylight which glinted in at the entrance, Peter lighted a candle, and fixing it on to a flat piece of wood, let it float away ahead of them, held by a piece of string, twenty-five to thirty yards long. Then they drifted with the stream, trying the strength of the current every hundred yards or so by backing with their paddles.

"We've been drifting just over an hour," remarked Peter, striking a light to look at his watch. "I hope it isn't like that brook the poet sings about that goes on for ever."

"More probably we shall come to a roaring cataract," answered Glendale, with rather an anxious glance ahead.

So for several hours they floated along with the same monotony, save that the current

was now growing perceptibly stronger, though yet they could easily paddle back had it been necessary. Gubenlos brought his canoe alongside Peter's, Jack Fisk holding the two canoes together.

"Ravanka, cannot you distinguish a murmur in the air like the hum in a shell of the sea?" asked the chief.

For some moments they all listened intently, but neither of his companions could catch the faintest sound, and Pete shook his head in the negative. Gubenlos then carefully bent over the side of his canoe, and with his ear close to the surface of the water remained thus for some moments.

"We are nearing the end of our journey, Ravanka," he said quietly, as he resumed his seat in the stern of his boat; "there is a fall of water not far away, and we must be ready for a change."

"The current is growing more swift, too," remarked Peter, as he dipped his paddle. "I think we had better light our lanterns," he added, "for we must not be left in the dark."

Rupert Glendale took one and Jack Fisk the other lantern, holding them over the bows of each canoe, whence they threw a bright little path of light ahead, whilst the candle still piloted the way. It was not long ere they all recognised the vibratory hum which the trained hearing of Gubenlos had distinguished. As it grew louder the current of the stream continued to flow more swiftly, and at last the moment arrived when they considered it unwise to proceed farther without the restraining rope. Gubenlos guided the canoes towards one side of the rocky walls, and Peter drove an assegai-head deeply into a narrow crevice and firmly knotted the end of his coil of rope around it. The two canoes were lashed together side

by side and the lanterns tied securely in the bows; then each took up his paddle, whilst Peter allowed the rope to slowly run out for about a hundred yards.

"Now, backwater all," said Peter; and as the paddles swirled the gloomy water the canoes very slowly went back against the stream.

"It would be hard work paddling any distance against this stream," said Peter.

"Now I will haul back a bit and see how the rope stands it."

A few vigorous pulls and the canoes quietly glided up the stream as Peter hauled in hand over hand.

"Seems to go easily enough," said Glendale.

"Splendid," answered his friend. "I could haul a dozen canoes up easier than we could paddle." He gave the rope a mighty jerk to test its holding power, then he turned to the chief saying: "What think you, Gubenlos, are we safe to trust ourselves?"

The chief approved the test, silently giving the rope a sharp pull. Then Peter Longfellow drove in another spear-head, and re-fastened the rope round it. So they went cautiously forward. The feeble hum had now grown into a gentle murmur, the force of the river increasing rapidly, and now ran so strongly that they could not have rowed against it. Each new hold-fast that Peter drove into the rock was tested by them again and again, before they trusted their lives to its keeping. The surface of the river lost the passive smoothness which so long had been its characteristic and became lively with tiny swirls and ripples. The roof above them heightened out considerably, and the drooping stalactites grew still more numerous and beautiful as the rays from the lanterns lighted on them. The occupants of the canoes spoke but little as they recognised the nearness of some approaching change. The noise ahead did not appear to increase much in volume, although it grew more distinct. Gubenlos' similitude of it to the murmur of a sea shell was very correct. The floating candle was now dancing merrily on the rippling stream, and Gubenlos suggested they should let it run out double the distance so as to give timely warning of any danger. As the canoes drifted on each man leant eagerly forward to pierce the gloom and discover the presence ahead of they knew not what.

Peter had just fastened another spear-head into the rock; "We've run out about half our rope," he announced, as they resumed their journey.

Another fifty yards or so ran out when Gubenlos shouted out to hold fast.

"What is it?" asked all the others, as the chief gazed earnestly ahead.

"I cannot tell," he replied, "but the waters seem to swirl round as though there was a whirlpool. Let us go forward with caution."

Yard by yard the two canoes advanced, Peter allowing the rope to run out with extreme caution, and each straining his gaze ahead, when, to the surprise of all, the river divided into two arms, the larger, or main stream, bearing directly ahead, while the branch turned off to their left. The flow of the stream had carried the floating candle on past this branch, showing plainly that the main stream ran on.

When the canoes reached the mouth of this new river, as the fast running stream would not carry them on, it swept them into the side stream where the boats gyrated slowly round in the back eddy, whilst the rushing water dashed against the opposite wall in a torrent of foam and then swirled onward again. This was the commotion Gubenlos had observed.

In the comparative quietude of their little haven, where a few strokes of the paddle had put them out of the eddy, they held a council of future proceedings. The floating candle had preceded them into this offshoot of the stream, but as the holding line slackened it had, after two or three circlings, been again caught in the stream and carried along beyond their vision. The roar of water was now very apparent, proceeding from some little distance down the main stream. "The question is," said Peter, "whether we go on a little further down the main stream and ascertain what this roaring means, or if we shall explore our present neighbourhood first."

"How far off do you guess this cataract or fall is?" asked Glendale.

"A hundred yards or so," answered Peter. "What do you say Gubenlos?"

"Not far," replied the chief; "within the throw of an assegai probably. Certainly not double that space."

"Well, as I am the least experienced at this sort of thing, I will deliver my opinion first, just as the youngest judge on a full bench has to do. I propose that the rope be doubled and made fast to the corner of the rock here, and that we proceed to discover the cause of this pothole. If it be a cataract, as no doubt it is, then we shall have to return and continue our explorations down this side stream, knowing we have done our duty."

Gubenlos expressed his agreement of this proposal with a silent nod; Peter concurred, and, saying briefly, "Them's my sentiments," proceeded to double their line of rope.

Choosing the two stoutest spear-heads, Peter was ready to drive them home when Gubenlos had hauled the canoes to the corner of the main stream. The full force of the current was doubly apparent after the quietude of their smooth harbour, the rushing water holding the canoes fast against the dank rock as Gubenlos hauled their boats a few feet up stream so that Peter could put in his hold-fasts. Then they once more drifted with the rushing water with a fresh candle piloting them, as before. Every minute the roar ahead increased. The floating candle surging about wildly as the turbulence of the current increased. Just then the river took a sudden curve, and as the canoes followed the bend, there broke on their vision a most awe-inspiring sight.

The Temple river terminated suddenly in a huge cavern with almost precipitous sides, round which the angry water roared in a never-ceasing clamour, washing round and round, whilst in the middle was a mighty whirlpool, the sides revolving some feet higher than its centre which, funnel-shaped and hollow, emptied the waters into the bowels of the earth. The scene was enough to make the stoutest hearts stand still. Should any accident happen to their rope, no efforts could save them from immediate engulfment in that terrible death trap. Peter grasped the rope which held them from destruction with nervous energy. Then he whispered hoarsely to Glendale to slack out the line which held the candle, and see how their light fared. With incredible rapidity, the stream bore it towards the fatal pool, where revolving with such rapidity that the flame hung out a feeble flag of light behind, it swiftly was sucked in at each revolution nearer towards the vortex and disappeared, the string snapping and flying back round their heads. "We've had enough of this," muttered Peter, and passing the rope behind him to Glendale they commenced their return journey, slowly and anxiously hauling themselves back to their haven of rest.

The beads of perspiration stood out on their faces with the exertion and anxiety as they arrived in the quiet backwater of the branch stream.

"Now we know why those who have ventured before us never returned," Gubenlos remarked, when they recovered their breath.

"Yes, poor fellows," answered Peter. "It must have been an awful moment for them when caught in the rush of waters they were swirled round and round in that terrible whirlpool and sucked under."

CHAPTER XI.

A TEMPLE OF THE DEAD.

WHEN, after awhile, Peter and his companions had recovered their composure they prepared to explore their present position.

"We'll fix the rope along here," suggested Peter, "and take the rest with us."

"No stream appears to flow here," remarked Gubenlos as he led the way onwards, the tunnel being very similar in size to the main river. Peter followed

close behind, and the canoes had been going for barely five minutes ere Jack Fisk, who was with Gubenlos, shouted out in tones of wonderment.

"Look there! Look!"

The tunnel had ended and the canoes ran out into a broad expanse of silent water.

It was indeed a sight to call forth exclamations of surprise and wonder.

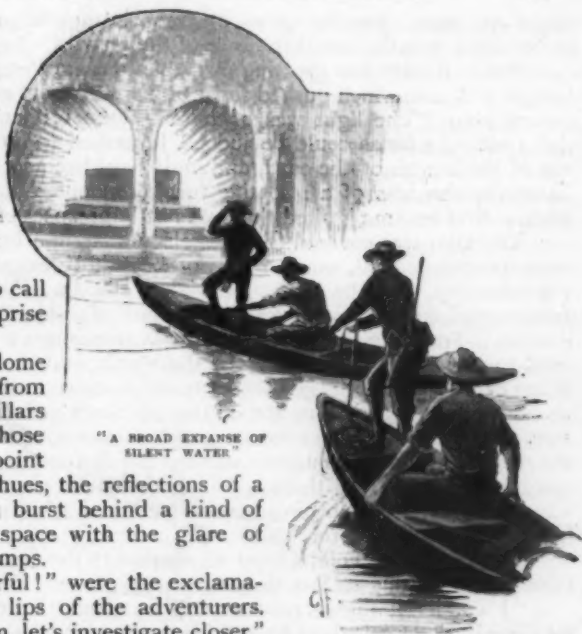
Over the lake a huge dome brilliantly, dazzlingly white, from which descended immense pillars of glittering stalactites whose facets gave back from every point rays of brilliant, prismatic hues, the reflections of a mighty flame of fire which burst behind a kind of altar, lighting the whole space with the glare of tens of thousands electric lamps.

"Magnificent! Wonderful!" were the exclamations which burst from the lips of the adventurers. Then Peter said: "Come on, let's investigate closer," and with a few vigorous strokes he ran his canoe towards the sloping bank, and hauling it up a little he was quickly followed by Gubenlos.

As the little party drew near the light they found the floor cut away evenly all around, and raised on trestles, side by side, were numbers of crystal coffins, each containing a body distinctly visible through the clear crystal top. Some were men, others women. Each was clothed in long silken vestments adorned with rich embroidery, and all were more or less decorated with jewellery which afterwards they found to be of extreme value. The faces of the dead, although of course the flesh was now dried like a mummy's, still showed the contour of the features, and both Glendale and Peter wondered at the fairness of their skins and hair.

"Of what nation are these people?" asked Peter. "Here in the centre of equatorial Africa there are no remnants of a flaxen-haired race: neither do they appear to be of Egyptian or Jewish descent, for they lack their characteristics."

"Impossible to guess," answered his friend, Glendale; "perhaps we may find something to help us further on. A people so civilised as to weave silk and manufacture such lovely jewellery, surely would have some written language. Maybe we may come across some tablets, or papyrus." As they drew nearer to the flaming light, the crystal coffins were of more magnificent construction, and a half circle of about two dozen contained bodies of more than ordinary importance. The vesture was of richer make, and their jewels more gorgeous, whilst on the breast of each lay a crown, or head wreath, of varying magnificence. "These were the kings and queens, I suppose," said Peter, as they stopped beside the most elaborate coffin, which occupied the central position, and in which lay the mummified body of a man who, when alive, must have looked a very king of men. Over six feet and a-half in length, the body still bore the remnants of a most distinguished personality. The waving flaxen hair and full beard helped to still preserve the manliness of the dead man, who had laid there for, who can tell, how many centuries. On his breast reposed a coronet, seemingly of gold, in the front of which an immense ruby as large as a florin, and superbly cut, flashed from it



blood-red rays. Smaller gems, diamonds, sapphires, and emeralds were encrusted in beautiful wreaths round the base of the crown.

While Rupert was gloating over this treasure Peter approached the monstrous tongue of flame, which gushed forth apparently from the solid rock behind a huge carved altar. The light was of most intense brilliancy and rushed forth with a dull roar. As far as could be judged it seemed to him to be a natural gas forced out of the bowels of the earth and must have been so burning for ages upon ages. Glendale, who was of a scientific turn, pronounced it petroleum gas, but how, or when it first became ignited there was little prospect of ascertaining.

The altar was covered with vessels and strange implements all made from the same precious metal, many being of beautiful design and carved with exquisite workmanship. At the back of the altar stood a pillar of crystal rock, fluted and ornamented, on the top of which a huge ball of solid gold, a foot or more in diameter, was set. Traced in outline with precious stones was a fair representation of Africa, with rough outline of Europe on the north, and Arabia and Asia on the East. What caused them the greatest surprise, however, was, when he turned the globe round, to find a fairly accurate outline of North and South America on the under side, somewhat out of position geographically, yet such that there was no mistaking the design. "Then Columbus was not the discoverer of the New World after all," ejaculated Rupert, "for there is no mistaking this chart of the world."

"Truly there is nothing new under the sun," answered Pete. "But come on, let us continue our search."

The remaining coffins were all similar to the first, each containing its solitary inhabitant, sleeping its last sleep.

"I wonder if these," pointing to the coffins, "were brought hither by the way we came?" Peter asked, as he and his companions stood entranced at the wondrous scene which surrounded them, and on which, in all probability the eyes of men had not dwelt since that old race had died out from the land.

"Let us look round for any other approach," suggested Rupert, "possibly we may find some way hidden from the exterior, for the passage down the river presents such difficulties that we can hardly believe that is the only entrance."

It was long before they found what they sought, but they discovered the hidden route at last. Gubenlos was the discoverer, and the sub-way was hidden by a cunningly contrived doorway of stone immediately behind the altar. Time had almost obliterated the interstices between the door and its stone frame, and it took them many hours of hard labour to clear away the growth of lime which had so nearly cemented up the entrance. When at length the door gave way to their persistent efforts, they found it opened into a broad flat-floored sub-way. Jack Fisk fetched



"THESE WERE KINGS AND QUEENS, I SUPPOSE."

their lanterns and, Peter and Gubenlos leading, the little party cautiously made their way along. For nearly half a mile the tunnel proceeded without the slightest divergence to the left or right, the floor perfectly smooth save for occasional droppings from the roofs. Then at last the road opened out with a terrace of hewn steps, down which the faint glimmer of daylight filtered. Mounting these they found themselves in a huge hall; benches of stone surrounded the sides, and in the centre was a raised dais, or chair. Remnants of what were at one time mats or rugs lay scattered about, all resemblance of their past fabric eaten away by destroying ages. It was evening and the new moon was just rising in all the splendour of a tropical night. As they stepped forth to the entrance they stood on the edge of a yawning precipice. To the right and to the left, stone stairs hewn out of the solid rock led downwards, lost in the shades of night.

For some moments the whole party stood spell-bound at the panorama spread out at their feet, then Gubenlos turned to Peter Longfellow, and exclaimed:

"Ravanka, I know this country, every foot-print of it; yonder are the remains of granite walls, loopholed for defence, built long ere our fathers' ancestors came into the land. At the foot of this mountain whereon we now stand, other remains of massive stone, hewn and carved, lie piled in undistinguishable confusion. They are perchance the broken stairs which formerly led from hence. From the valley beneath, looking upwards, these remaining steps appear like unto a ladder cut in the face of the mountain and the natives call the place the serpent's ladder."

Gubenlos spoke in his own language—as he usually did when deeply moved—and Peter interpreted his speech for the benefit of his companions, adding:

"The serpent, Glenny, is the Kaffir's conception of the devil or the bad spirit."

After awhile they returned their steps into the Crystal Temple and, bringing out their provisions, made their supper in the abode of death; but, tired out with their exertions, they retired to the subway out of the glare of the flaming light, and, wrapping themselves up in their rugs, were soon enjoying a well-earned slumber.

CHAPTER XII.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

EARLY on the following morning, after a good meal, the party returned to the outlet of the cavern overlooking the broken stairway. The distance to the foot of the mountain was many hundreds of feet, and the few stairs that yet remained of the original structure might well fit the name by which, according to Gubenlos, the place was called. To reach the ground by that way was impossible, save they lowered themselves by a rope, and both Peter and Gubenlos negatived such an experiment.

"Better return as we came," said the chief. "A few hours' labour and all will be well, while there——" and he shook his head expressively.

"How long do you reckon it will take to get back, Pete?" asked Glendale.

"Say seven or eight hours," answered Peter. "Why?"

Then Glendale, passing his arm through his friend's, drew him on one side.

"I don't know whether you will consider it very sacrilegious, but I covet some of those golden crowns and trinkets, and my idea is that, if we start towards nightfall, we should probably arrive at our kraal on the lake in the early morning, when no one is likely to be watching us, and so save any chance of our riches being discovered."

"Why, you're turning a very buccaneer, Glenny; but I also feel in a covetous humour, and, what's more to the point, I'm going to gratify it, so we'll go halves, and if Gubenlos and Jack care to join us, they shall have a fair share of the spoils. What say you?"

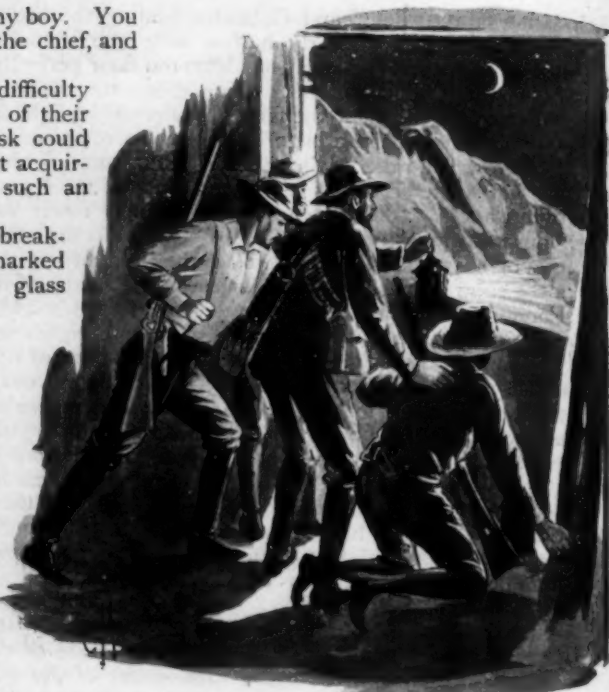
"Done for a ducat, my boy. You broach the question to the chief, and I'll open Jack's eyes."

There was very little difficulty to encounter from either of their companions, and Jack Fisk could not restrain his delight at acquiring so much wealth by such an easy process.

"It won't seem like breaking open a coffin," remarked he; "just lift up the glass lid affair and take what we want, and what belongs to no one. There can't be much harm in that."

Gubenlos did not show the same amount of excitement. Gold and jewels held but little to draw his cupidity.

Although hermetically closed, the crystal cases wherein the mummies lay were easily opened. Jack, who was helping in the operation, started violently as the first lid was raised.



"THEY STOOD ON THE EDGE OF A YAWNING PRECIPICE."

"Good heavens! Look," he exclaimed, "the corpse has vanished."

Then Glendale explained how, protected from the atmosphere, the bodies maintained their appearance, but immediately the air got to them they crumbled to dust.

The value of the jewellery, gems and coronets which they collected was almost fabulous, and later, when valued by experts, they found that some of the stones were unique amongst the world's gems and worth any price they liked to ask. When they had secured all they could find, they wrapped their possessions in a couple of blankets, each canoe taking a part of the precious relics, and, turning their backs on the Temple of Crystal, proceeded on their return journey.

It was hard, wearying work, that hand-over-hand haulage for nearly two miles against the powerful stream, which never ceased its pace or gave them a moment's rest save when, worn-out and dead-beat, they hung up against the shiny walls to get a few minutes' rest. It was an anxious journey, and until they had got over the best part of it, the risk of what would happen if their rope parted was ever before them.

"Too much of this would turn our hair grey, old man," said Glendale, as the canoes were once more made fast whilst the sweating crews paused for breath.

"Yes, it's a queer experience, and one which few will believe," Peter answered. "But our reward is commensurate with the danger we have faced. You must allow that few enterprises would yield within forty-eight hours such wealth as has fallen to our lot."

"Do you know, Peter, I've been wondering whether the stones are imitation?"

"Never fear that, Glenny. I will answer for the diamonds that no false stones

would look like ours. Besides, in the days when these bodies were interred imitation gems were undreamt of."

"I hope you're right. It would be abominably disappointing to find by-and-by that we've been taken in."

"The metal stuff is gold, anyhow," broke in Jack Fisk, who had pulled out a bracelet and was testing it with his tongue; "at least it doesn't taste brassy."

"Pass it over, Jack," said Glendale who, weighing the massive ornament in his hand, confirmed Jack's opinion.

The remainder of the journey was accomplished without further incident or accident till they came to where their rope commenced. The rest of the way was easy paddling and free from risk they thought. But it was where least anticipated that danger lurked. Gubenlos was paddling in the leading canoe with Jack ostensibly on the look-out in the bows. As, however, the lamp showed the side of the rock up a good distance ahead he was more frequently facing astern either in conversation with Gubenlos or half reclining at the bottom of the canoe.

He was rudely awakened to his remissness. Gubenlos was putting his boat along at a nice swinging pace when, without the slightest warning, crash they went against some object, which ripped their light vessel up for a foot along the bows, striking Jack in the back and throwing Gubenlos forward on his face. Peter's canoe was following so closely that he by the merest shave escaped running into them. It was fortunate he was so close, for as his boat dashed up he seized the foundering canoe which was already going down by the head, and Jack Fisk clutching at the side saved himself and his own canoe from going under, and saved the treasure in the boat also.

"That was a near touch for you, Jack," said his master, as he hauled him carefully into his own boat. "Are you hurt at all?"

"Nothing to speak of, sir; only a punch in the back. What was it we struck?"

"A log of timber end on; see, there it goes down stream," answered Peter.

"Now what shall we do with the damaged canoe?" he queried. "Tow it behind or stop and patch it up?"

"Better mend it, Ravanka," Gubenlos suggested; "there is plenty of time, and we may have another accident with this, who can tell?"

"You're right, as usual, Gubenlos," replied Peter. So they turned the damaged canoe bottom up, and lifting her bows over their stern, Peter in the course of an hour patched her up with canvas, which he tarred over, and when they replaced her in the water and baled her out, it was found to be a good job. It was several hours after midnight when at last the canoes emerged from the tunnel and the sweet breath of heaven was wafted in their nostrils. The lanterns had been put out, as they did not wish to attract notice. For some five or ten minutes the canoes drifted on the bosom of the lake uncontrolled, their occupants sitting silently thinking of all that had happened to them during the past few hours, and from more than one a silent thanksgiving went forth from lips that moved not. Then the canoes started for the little home under the leafy palms which they had scarcely hoped to see again so soon, and tired and weary they were soon enjoying the sweet sleep of fatigue.

The sun was some hours above the horizon next morning ere Gubenlos roused his companion. The chief, who never seemed to require more than a few hours repose, had thoughtfully prepared a fire, and the fragrant smell of newly-made coffee effectually brought the sleepers from their couches. A brief swim in the lake added an extra zest to the steaming coffee, and then, breakfast despatched, Peter proposed they should wait on the King and recount their adventures. "We'll omit all mention of our treasure trove," he suggested, "for we don't want to have any bother about it, and after we've seen Ceetywa, we will start west, and see if we can find some big game."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE news of the return of the white men from their adventurous voyage spread with startling rapidity, and when Peter and his three friends started off to visit the King they were accompanied by a crowd of natives which, like a snowball, gathered in size as it advanced. Gubenlos let the reins of his imagination loose, and related to a few of the chiefs who stood beside him the wonders of that terrible cavern and the perils of the journey which he and the white men had encountered. So the story went from mouth to mouth, and before they reached the King's kraal he had received a most florid account of their adventures from a Kaffir who had heard part of the story, and, running forward to be the first to spread the news of the white men's approach, had supplied any gaps in the narrative from his own vivid imagination. Altogether, Ceetywa was more than interested to welcome his friends back again.

The throng of natives parted as it drew near to Ceetywa's kraal, and Peter was somewhat surprised to see the King advancing towards him; for the chief was a great stickler for etiquette, and his present condescension was a proof of extreme friendliness.

"Ravanka, thou and thy friends and brother am I right glad to see safely back in the sweet land of the Wonokos," began Ceetywa. "The reports of your short travels have reached my ears, but seem so wondrous strange, that truth appears to outrun our legendary tradition of the Crystal Temple."

So, inviting them to sit around him, Ceetywa listened whilst Peter related fairly accurately and without much addition their passage down the river, and the discovery of the temple. The only part where he allowed himself some license, was of the perils of the journey and the horrible result of being caught in the whirlpool, as he did not wish to encourage the natives to visit the temple.

"We must celebrate your successful return by a state feast," said Ceetywa, when Peter finished his recital, and preparations were at once put in hand for the ceremony, which was set for the second day from thence.

"You had better starve yourselves for the next two days," remarked Peter, when they were together again, "for it will tax your capacity to do justice to the feast, and as guests of the occasion we shall be expected to eat an extra quantity."

Gubenlos sustained their reputation in grand style. He ate enough for all of them and when the feeding was over and the speech-making began he was always ready when a reply was necessary. He and Peter, between them, kept the ball rolling with such effect that many assembled there that day declared that it was the greatest feast they had had for many a year.

On the following day Peter commenced his preparations for their hunting trip, and Ceetywa, who gave his consent readily to their hunting anywhere in his kingdom, wished to send a small escort of warriors with them. These Peter gratefully declined, saying he might be months absent and did not want the responsibility of a large party to look after. They took their cart, for which Ceetywa presented them with four span of strong oxen, and bidding him, and the many friends they made, farewell, they set their faces towards the setting sun. Some of the Wonokos, in pure friendliness, accompanied the party many miles on the way, and it was not till the first shades of evening began to fall, and the waggon was outspanned for the night, that the last Kaffir went back to his home.

"I wonder where Dutch Jacob has got to by now?" remarked Glendale that evening, as they were smoking their final pipe before turning in.

"Impossible to guess," replied Peter, "but we may drop on him at some of the villages we pass through. What made you think of him just now?"

"I suppose it was because when we were last travelling, he was with us. When do you expect to get into the big game country, Pete?"

"Three or four days will bring us to the fringe of it, and any day thereafter we may find elephants and giraffes, especially the former. Lions and leopards are always about, and we must take care none of our oxen get carried off."

Each night was divided into two watches, and each of the four men took one watch on alternate nights. Peter had warned them all very earnestly of the importance of keeping their wits fully alive during the watch. "To sleep on sentry duty is punishable by some laws with death, and such grave breach of trust might in our case mean death to us all. Whenever you feel in the slightest degree sleepy rouse yourself by a brisk walk, and if necessary call one of us. Better a few hours loss of sleep than risk our lives."

Evidence of the vicinity of lions was soon apparent, for several times their roar, although at some distance, made their sentry prick his ears and gaze earnestly into the gloom that hung around each patch of thorn and bush. Jack Fisk took the first watch, which lasted from ten to one-thirty, when he was relieved by Gubenlos who stood guard till five in the morning. Then the camp was roused, and after a cup of coffee and a mealie biscuit the oxen were inspanned and they proceeded on their journey until between ten and eleven, when the sun got too hot, and they outspanned again till the afternoon. Another four or five hours' trek finished the day's work. The everlasting biltong, or dried meat, was now a thing of the past, for every day or two they were able to get something to keep them going. Several times each day they sighted herds, large or small, of various deer. The hartebeeste and beautiful little sable antelope were, perhaps, the most frequent victims to their rifles. Pheasants and wood-pigeons gave variety to their meals and were always more easily obtainable than the deer.

"The country we are making for," said Peter, in answer to Glendale's enquiry, "is noted for its herds of elephants, which have so far found there a fairly quiet feeding-ground. The south is protected by iron-stone hills difficult to cross, and thus many white hunters have given the country a wide berth. The approach from our direction is fairly easy, provided the natives are friendly. Gubenlos and I had a month's hunting there a year or more ago, but we were not very fortunate, as we only got four tusks. There is no question as to the elephants being there, however, for we came across their fresh spoor repeatedly; but for some reason they always seemed to be in a tremendous hurry, and as we were on foot it was impossible to keep up with them."

"Why, I always understood the elephant was a slow-moving animal," said Glendale.

"Well, in the ordinary way, I suppose he is; but his advantage is that he goes through such minor details as bush and matted undergrowth without apparent loss of speed, whilst proud man has to crawl through cautiously and laboriously by the track left by his quarry, or else take a roundabout course which frequently ends in going a different way altogether."

"Yes, plenty of elephants yonder," added Gubenlos, "but you must be very careful until you have learnt how to attack them, for the charge of a full-grown elephant is no child's play. You see this scar"—and the chief bared the right side of his body by raising his shirt, where a large white weal showed on his dark skin—"that was caused by a big bull elephant's tusk. I killed him, but he nearly did the same for me."

"It was a terrible moment for me," went on Gubenlos, "and I thought my last hunt was done. Yes, I would sooner face the lion twice over than a charging elephant."

Three or four days further advance and Gubenlos, who was scouting a little ahead, came in with the report that elephants were close ahead.

"How many are there, Gubenlos?" asked Peter, his pulse beating a shade more quickly than usual at the nearness of their quarry.

"Six or seven full-grown ones," replied the chief, "and two or three calves."

"Jack, we must leave you here in charge of the cart; you'd better outspan the oxen and let them rest," said Peter, hurriedly, as he got his rifle out of the cart. Gubenlos and Rupert already had theirs, so that within a few minutes the three were hurrying along, under the chief's guidance, as fast as they could go. They were now making their way painfully and very slowly through a thin forest of palms, undergrown with scrub and briars. The strong bines proved many a time a snare for the hunters, and Glendale, heeding them too little, paid the penalty more than once by measuring his length amongst the bush. Presently the chief, who was thirty or forty paces ahead, stopped abruptly and held up his hand. The two friends moved up to him with the utmost caution, and as they got alongside he pulled the thick screen of acacia bush gently apart, and, peeping through, Glendale's heart almost jumped into his throat. Considerably less than a quarter of a mile distant were the whole drove of huge animals, up to their bellies in rich, rank grass and scrub, all busily pulling down the dainty toothsome heads of the young palms which they ruthlessly broke off to obtain the coveted tit-bits. "It's rather far for a shot, Ravanka," said the chief, "we can get nearer if we work round to the right, but the least noise will alarm them."

They were a long half-hour getting round to the appointed spot, and then had the mortification to find the elephants had turned, and were working their way towards the spot they had first observed them from. Gubenlos bore this reverse stoically, and immediately laid his plans afresh.

"Shall we return, Ravanka, or will you wait here while I hasten round and give them a couple of bullets, and drive them on towards you?"

This latter scheme seemed to promise favourably, and after a few hurried words of counsel the chief started off at a run.

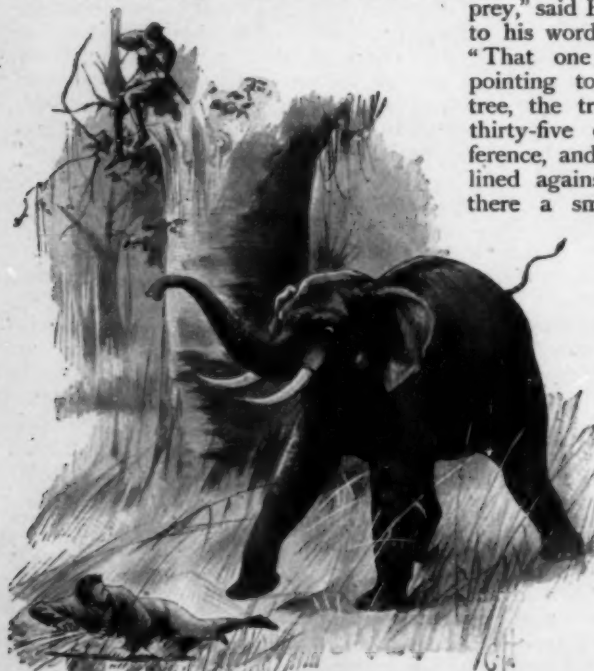
"Now we've got a few minutes to look about us, Glenney, and prepare for the prey," said Peter, and suiting his actions to his words he gazed quickly round. "That one will do," he whispered, pointing to an immense waterboom tree, the trunk of which measured thirty-five or forty feet in circumference, and whose gaunt limbs, outlined against the sky, bore here and there a small fringe of acacia-like leaves.

"Come on, let's inspect yonder waterboom, we may find it a friend in need."

"It's a mighty fellow indeed," remarked Rupert, as he walked round this giant of the forest, "but you don't intend to climb it, Pete?"

"You can if you like," Peter answered. "You'd get a grand shot from the first bough, if you can get there."

"All right, give me a leg up then," and with his friend's help Glendale was soon astride the



"THE ELEPHANT WAS MOTIONLESS AT THE TIME"

great bough and crouching low to hide himself from the elephants' keen sight.

"Can you see them, Glendale; how are they heading?" asked Peter, in a hoarse whisper.

"Going right for the bush we left," answered his friend. "They're within fifty yards of where we stood. Hullo, they're off, Pete! Look out, they're coming straight for us."

He had scarcely uttered the words ere a puff of smoke came out of the opposite bush followed by the ping of a rifle shot; another shot rapidly followed and Pete saw one of the largest elephants give a lurch. Then, trumpeting wildly, the herd bore down on them. The wounded animal was evidently badly hit, still he came on at a good pace and shook his great head and bellowed with anger and pain. Gubenlos had drawn on the old bull and Peter determined to make sure of him if possible.

Resting his body against the trunk of the tree he waited till the trumpeting monster was within thirty yards of him, and aiming at the eye to penetrate the brain, pulled the trigger. The effect was instantaneous; the elephant stumbled, took another stride, and then fell dead.

Slipping another cartridge into his rifle, Peter stepped out from his cover and let drive at another heavily tusked brute, but he missed his mark and with a squeal of pain the enormous brute turned and came straight for him. It was too late to fire again so he sprang behind the tree.

He was just in time, but only just, for the brute's trunk caught his shoulder with sufficient force to upset him, and he fell heavily to the ground. With incredible swiftness the elephant turned to trample his fallen foe. Although dazed by the fall Peter knew that to lie there was certain death, so pulling himself together he managed to regain his feet as the elephant came again for him.

Nemesis, however, was up aloft in the form of Rupert Glendale. The first charge of the elephant was almost hidden from Rupert by the intervening branches, but now the brute was right under him and he saw Peter prone on the ground. As the elephant turned to charge, Glendale put his express bullet into the animal's spine, just at the base of the neck. The elephant was motionless at the time, and for a brief second stood stock still; then its immense limbs gave way beneath the ponderous body and it dropped to the earth stone dead. Gubenlos had come across the open as the drove fled and arrived just in time to see it fall.

"Peter, are you hurt?" exclaimed Rupert, swinging himself down from the tree.

Peter was leaning on his rifle apparently uninjured. He advanced as Glendale spoke. "That was a grand shot of yours old fellow; it probably saved my life," he said gratefully. "What a vicious brute it was. Well, Glenny, that's your first elephant. I congratulate you. It isn't many men that kill their first elephant with the first shot."

"Truly Ravanka says rightly," said Gubenlos, "his brother is a big hunter and shall be known as Monoto, the elephant-slayer, all the days of his life."

"A very good *sobriquet*, Gubenlos, and well earned," added Peter.

While they had been talking they approached the fallen foe which had gained Rupert his title. It lay on its side; one tusk had ploughed its way into the soft ground as the beast fell. "They're a grand pair of ivories," said Peter. "They weigh little short of 180 pounds, I'll wager. Now let us have a look at the other chap." This was a larger animal, but his tusks were far lighter. Gubenlos set to work to cut them out while Glendale and Peter returned to Jack Fisk to bring the cart along.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LEGEND OF A STRANGE WHITE RACE.

It occupied Gubenlos nearly the whole of that day and the next to cut out and clean the four tusks. They continued their journey; the chief usually scouting a short distance ahead, the cart following over the pathless veldt, always heading for the north-west. A single elephant was sighted on the next day, but he was too distant to fire at from where they stood, and while they were getting round it disappeared. The chief made his way to where the elephant was last observed, and following its track, which led into the bush just beyond where Peter and Glendale were standing, he beckoned them to join him.

"I can't make out what's wrong with the animal," said Gubenlos, in a low voice. "It's a full-grown elephant, and a very heavy brute, but it staggers along like a drunken man; its hoof marks never keep in a straight line; the steps are short and hesitating, and the animal appears to take no account of trees or other obstructions in its route."

"Let us make haste and catch it up," said Peter; "a drunken elephant offers a new view of animated nature."

For a quarter of an hour they raced onward until Gubenlos slackened down and then stopped for them to come up.

"He's just ahead somewhere, but the undergrowth is so dense that it's impossible to see him until we are almost on top of him. Hark! do you hear him breaking down the branches?"

"Let us try and get a shot at him," said Peter. "If we miss, it will be good-bye to him, for he will plunge through this scrub quicker than we could run over a grass field."

"Yes, Ravanka, miss him and he's lost," answered the chief, moving forward again with silent tread, which Glendale did his best to imitate. The slight noise that he could not help making did not disturb the animal, so that presently, when they reached the end of the bush, they found the elephant still feeding, all unsuspecting of danger. He stood facing them, but fifty or sixty yards away, quietly and unconcernedly munching his food.

"Ravanka," whispered Gubenlos, "watch the movements of his trunk."

As they gazed they saw the elephant grope about for the branch, and then, breaking it down, run his trunk along it as though feeling for the leaves which it was after.

"I have it," said Peter; "the animal is blind, or nearly so."

The chief nodded, then he said:

"What shall we do, Ravanka? He cannot get away if he is blind."

"The old fellow appears well and hearty," remarked Glendale, "and seems to enjoy his dinner."

"It might be the truest kindness to the poor brute to shoot it," said Peter slowly; "but it rather goes against the grain to do so. I'm for letting him alone."

"Ravanka, you echo my own thoughts," Gubenlos replied in a whisper; "so if Monoto agrees we will leave the sightless one to end his days in peace."

Rupert Glendale acquiesced, adding:

"Let us approach as closely as possible and see if he is really blind."

So they crept forward noiselessly until within twenty yards of the elephant. He was still facing them, and as they were now well in the open, it was very evident he could not see them. Now, however, he showed signs of uneasiness, and, although the wind was in the hunters' faces, the elephant's senses, quickened by his infirmity, warned him of a strange presence. For some minutes men and beast stood motionless, save that the brute's immense ears were turned here and there to discover what was wrong whilst it sniffed the air without ceasing. Having satisfied

themselves as to the elephant's blindness, Peter signed to his friends to retreat, and so they left the giant of the forest to continue his sombre life as best he could.

For the next two months the little band enjoyed such sport that even Glendale's ardent spirit felt satiated. Fifteen elephants, six lions, three giraffes, hartebeeste and other varieties of the deer tribe innumerable, besides minor victims, fell to their prowess. The direction of their trek had always been to the north-west, but for the most part had lain out of the inhabited districts. Once or twice they had come across native villages, the beehive-shaped kraals crowded together on the sides of a small kopje or hill. A few simple presents to the chiefs secured their friendship, or, at least, their neutrality, and usually, between them, Peter and Gubenlos could manage to make themselves understood. So the white hunters with their black companion proceeded peacefully. Peter Longfellow was desirous of proving the truth or fallacy of the existence of a white race which was said to exist in the district of the south of the great circle bounded on the north by the River Congo. Here, on a vast table-land, which, although almost under the Equator, was so high above the sea that at all seasons the temperature was never oppressive, were said to live a light-skinned people who dwelt in marble palaces and clothed themselves in silk and fine linens.

Peter had found from experience that the legends and traditions so abundant amongst the native tribes frequently had some basis of truth, and he thought it quite possible that there might exist under such circumstances a nation descended from some band of early explorers from Europe. They were steadily approaching the neighbourhood of this mythical people and naturally their thoughts and conversation turned more frequently on the possibility of their discovering them.

Hunting had taken second place now to their desire to push forward. The oxen had made an exceptionally good trek that day and the little band, tired out by their day's work, were lazily smoking their last pipe previous to turning in when Rupert said: "Peter, you told me some time ago that old Yantke knew something about these white people, but I don't remember that you ever related what he said."

"Well, I'll tell you what he told me; it's a strange tale, but knowing the old fellow as I do I believe there is more truth in it than one might feel justified in believing. To begin with, he asserted solemnly that this nation that we are searching for exists without doubt and has existed for centuries. Their territory is only accessible from two or three points, being situated on the top of a huge tableland bound on all sides by precipitous mountains with granite cliffs towering into the skies. Each approach is strongly guarded and no black man who has got once inside has ever returned, save once. This was many years ago, so far back that the name even of the escaped native has been forgotten. A determined attack was organised by the fierce king of the Kabeles, who then reigned over a vast tract of country south of the Congo. Tens of thousands of his warriors attacked the three passes simultaneously, the King leading one army of picked men. The fight lasted for three days and more than half of the Kabeles were slain, including the King. They fought with such intrepidity that at first they drove back the defenders and many Kabeles succeeded in forcing their way some distance into the enemy's country, but the white people, who had been surprised at the magnitude of the attack, brought up fresh men and strange weapons of metal from which they hurled thousands of iron balls with reports like thunder, and soon every black man was slain or taken prisoner—and on the third day more of these wonderful weapons were brought forward and the havoc they made in the ranks of the Kabeles, who were gathered in a compact mass below in the passes, soon put them to flight and from that day to this the strange people have been left free from invasion."

"It sounds like a tale from the Arabian nights," Glendale remarked, when his friend finished his strange narrative, "What do you think of the story, Gubenlos?"

"Ravanka has related the legend as Yantke told it, but of these people I know nothing save what every one has learnt from his cradle, but Yantke knows much

that is hidden to meaner men and oft has he told me of strange matters that afterwards proved correct. Nor have I ever known him to talk boastfully or exaggerate; rather is it otherwise, for unless it seemed good to unloose his tongue, he is given much to silence and meditation. Yes, Monoto," went on the chief, "I believe there is truth in the legend, much or little, as may be we shall perhaps discover."

CHAPTER XV.

THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN.

ANOTHER week's persevering trek and all eyes were eagerly searching for the line of mountains beyond which they hoped to penetrate and find the nameless race who had kept themselves hidden for such a vast period. Mile after mile they sought in vain, and Rupert was beginning to fear that after all the whole affair was a myth. Worn and tired out with the speed they had come, they were, if the truth be told, somewhat disheartened, although neither would have confessed. Jack Fisk and Gubenlos took sentry duty that night, the latter having the first watch.

"If you feel anxious," the chief remarked as he lay down when Jack relieved him, "call me at once before disturbing the others." With that he rolled himself in his blanket and was soon fast asleep.

For awhile nothing happened to disturb Jack's patrol. Jack was slowly tramping round the camp to warm his blood, for the mists of night struck chill and cold, when, chancing to raise his eyes above the level of the veldt, he saw high up in the heavens and travelling towards the north what he took to be a bird of monstrous size. It was so huge, however, that he rubbed his eyes to see if the grey dawn was playing some optical illusion on them. But it was still the same, a little further distant now: a gigantic creature that seemed to float along with scarcely a flap of its wings.

Jack roused his sleeping companions to look at the strange bird. Peter rushed to the waggon to get his glasses.

"It's no bird, Jack; it's a balloon, or air-ship. Here, Glenny, look and see if I'm correct;" and Peter handed him the glasses.

They each scrutinised the apparition through the powerful glass, and pronounced Peter's opinion correct.

As the stranger pursued its course northward they were enabled to keep it in view for nearly an hour, for the horizontal rays of the rising sun illuminated it so vividly that there was no mistaking the construction any longer. Slowly they watched it melt into the far distance, hardly able to say at what moment it was finally lost to sight.

But soon another matter took their attention, for shortly after they started again in the afternoon the thin blue line of distant mountains loomed faintly forth and gave them all a fresh impetus to press forward. It was two days later that the waggon arrived at the foot of the frowning cliffs, which fully bore out Yantke's description. On the next morning the waggon and oxen under Jack's charge followed the cliff line towards the west, while the rest of the party hunted for an opening that would lead them to the table-land above. For three days they searched in vain, but soon after their start on the following morning the welcome break in the rocky wall was espied at last. As far as could be seen there were apparently no guards to contest their way, and the pass being fairly easy, it was decided to take the waggon along with them as far as possible. It was slow and tiring work, and the oxen had to be rested several times in the hour, so that when night fell they were still far from the summit.

Glendale's was the second watch that night and, although, as he afterwards asserted, he was on the *qui vive* the whole time, yet, when day broke, he was dumb-founded to find they were surrounded by hundreds of mail-clad warriors. They lined the tops of each side of the pass, and a solid line barred their rear and front.

He awoke his companions and explained in a low voice what had happened. The first glance Peter took showed him that resistance was useless.

The warriors stood like statues. As the light increased their armour was more easily distinguished. Each man bore a breast and back plate, and a helmet on his head. For weapons, most carried huge two-handed swords, others bore pikes and javelins, but none appeared to carry fire-arms of any description. Sunrise was rapidly approaching and breakfast was finished when the travellers noticed a slight commotion among the warriors that guarded the upper end of the pass. At last half-a-dozen of them advanced at the rear of one who was presumably a herald or ambassador.

When this personage approached Peter advanced to meet him, wondering how much of each other's language they were likely to understand. The stranger was of average height, and unarmed. He struck Peter as a man born to command. A toga thrown gracefully over the shoulder and gathered at the waist revealed a tunic of cloth covering the body and descending to the knees. The legs were bare and well made leather sandals covered the feet. With a dignified wave of the hand this interesting representative of a lost race saluted Peter, who returned the compliment with a military salute, and then the stranger broke the silence by speaking. His voice was peculiarly low, and he appeared to half intone his words, but his meaning was utterly obscure to Peter. Peter then had his turn and, French, English, German and Spanish were tried without effect. Then he followed on with half-a-dozen different Kaffir dialects, but each was utterly incomprehensible to his listener. Then Peter called to Glendale and explained the difficulty they were in. The stranger glanced from one to the other as they discussed the situation. Then he addressed them again in his own tongue.

"By Jove, Pete, it is Latin!" exclaimed Glendale, excitedly, "but he speaks it with a rhythm that makes it seem almost another language. Now here's for it!" and Glendale put a few words together in his best college style. It was soon the other's turn to become excited, and he rolled forth his sentences with so much emotion that Glendale could not keep up with him. When they calmed down, and met each other half way, Glendale was able to follow the stranger's speech and reply to him so as to be understood, and Glendale translated their conversation as it proceeded for Peter's benefit. "This gentleman's the governor or consul of this district," explained Glendale, "and the laws of his country award death or perpetual slavery to all aliens who once penetrate to the interior beyond these hills. As we were white, like his own race, he desired to prevent such a necessity being put into force, and so has taken these precautions to obviate our capture or death. Our friend further states that the law he refers to will expire in two years time, when the limit set by his gods expires, and then, on taking the oath of allegiance, we may be permitted to enter the land of the Sun, and, indeed, he invites us to return. He also



"IT'S NO USE, JACK."

offers to transport us in his aerial ship to such country as we may desire to reach."

"Tell him I for one accept his invitation," replied Peter, "and shall be delighted to take a passage in his ship. It's that strange affair Jack discovered the other day, I presume."

Glendale translated his friend's answer, and the stranger seemed pleased at their acquiescence, and continued in conversation with Glendale for some time.

When at last he departed, Glendale, turning to his friend, said: "The ship will arrive here at sundown, and will carry us to within fifty miles of Zanzibar."

Peter did not reply for some moments; he was in a brown study. Then he looked up at his chum. "Do you know what I'm going to do?" he began. "I shall go right back to England, and we'll find a good Latin scholar and learn the language, so that when the time arrives we can return and take our parts properly. Just imagine the possibilities that lie hid here amongst the ancient race that have remained hidden here for a thousand years—perhaps more."

That night, at sunset, the stranger returned, and the little party followed him up a narrow pathway to the crest of the hill, where they found the aerial ship quietly at rest. In shape it much resembled a huge whale, with enormous fins, or wings, along each side, and set in the top were three gigantic revolving fans. The space for the passengers resembled a deep tray affixed to the underpart of the machine, the upper part being hollow, and filled with gas. When they were all on board, the stranger, who was called Claudius, bade them adieu, and the monster was released, the machinery set going, and they sailed away over the veldt. The revolving fans overhead turned at such a speed that it was impossible to distinguish them at a slight distance. In forty-eight hours the vessel was in sight of the eastern sea coast, but at such an altitude that they could distinguish no objects below them. As night drew on the vessel quickly dropped lower and lower, and when darkness hid the land they softly came to rest on the open veldt. Glendale was informed that they were within thirty miles of Zanzibar, and after a cordial leave-taking the wonderful machine departed, leaving them half believing it was all a dream.

Next morning they set their faces towards Zanzibar, and bidding adieu to their faithful friend, Gubenlos, the three Englishmen took passage on board the next vessel bound for Natal, whence they proceeded on to England, to fulfil their determination of mastering the Latin language and fitting themselves for their return to the Land of the Sun.



By the Author of "The Gentle Life."

CHAPTER I.

OLD PILKERTON—old by virtue of his being Polly's father—kept a saddler's shop in Long Acre. He was the third generation which had dealt in pigskin, and had been duly apprenticed to his father, who, in his turn, had served his own father, and had been dutifully instructed in the art and mystery of making saddles. The Pilkerton saddle had a good name, and the artists who built them knew their own work. The shop was excellently kept—a pleasant large room, smelling of new leather, glittering with new bits, curbs and snaffles, and ornamented with a finely-carved head of a horse upon which the Pilkerton head-stall, worked curiously and with a multiplicity of stitches, was exhibited to perfection. Herein old Pilkerton received his customers, gentlemen of large estates, masters of hounds, young heirs who took an interest in hunting and in horses, and fair ladies, who would step from their carriages to see their side-saddles built.

Pilkerton was a handsome dark man, on the right side of forty-five, bald-headed, well-shaven and with a neat black whisker. His manner was that of a sound, honest English tradesman; quietly deferential in taking orders, firm and manly in pointing out what could and should be done, and of that kind, which generally wins its own way. "Leave that to me, sir," he would say. "I have worked in leather

more than five-and-twenty years, and I know what can be done with it."

The saddler was a widower; his only daughter, Polly, rising twenty, had been well educated at the Misses Blumberry's establishment, near Bedford Square, was an adept at music, and had carried off two or three prizes in French. On the whole, she was superior in accomplishments to the general run of tradesmen's daughters, and was soberly religious, being a Wesleyan and a Sunday School teacher.

As a rule, tradesmen who mind their shop find that their shop minds them, and have at their banker's plenty of money to fall back upon in the rainy day. But there are exceptions. Pilkerton was one. He was, just as the story opens, subject to a run of ill-luck. His banker had "broken," and, in breaking, broke some hundreds of smaller men into little pieces. The old saddler, however, weathered the storm. The shop did not look less bright and workmanlike, but it had less stock in it. Pilkerton was in debt to his leather-seller, and had to send in his own bills at an earlier date, and, instead of a clerk, Polly, who never saw her father's customers before, came into and ornamented the little glass case which served for a counting-house, and kept his books.

When sorrows come they come not single spies. Pilkerton, the saddler, tried to hold his own, and seeing a contract from a great house for saddlery, sent in—and blessed his luck when he got it!



KEPT HIS BOOKS.

The great Earl of Sangpur, a military nobleman, who devoted himself to his regiment—the Redlegs—a dashing light cavalry corps, determined to astonish the world. He had invented a new demi-pique saddle, and, as the Government looked coldly on it, had obtained from his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief the great favour of presenting the whole regiment with new saddles. H. R. H. looked upon this craze with a kindly pity, but the earl had proved himself a household soldier to the back-bone, and had once added twenty pounds per man to the regulation price of the horses of the regiment. Sangpur was beloved by the men, but hated by his officers, whom he put to all manner of expense. "What does a fella," he once said, "do in my regiment with less than three thousand a-year?" and the question was unanswerable.

Messrs. Moses, Macbeth and Company, the well-known army clothiers of St. James' Street, took the contract. English society will not allow the real workers to do such large jobs without a middle man. Moses, Macbeth and Company, thereon sent round to various saddlers, and Pilkerton,

whose name stood very high, was selected to carry out the order of "Seven hundred and fifty saddles, as per sample."

"We've got the best man in the world, 'mi lud," said little Moses, a red-headed Israelite, with a Roman nose, and a heavy moustache, dressed in the most perfect civil-military costume. He had originally been a tailor at Chatham, but had prospered—in spite of two bankruptcies—which ill-natured persons said made his fortune.

"Who is he?"

"Pilkerton, of Long Acre."

"He'll do," said the earl, who knew the saddler's fame in the hunting-field. Why then did he not give the order to Pilkerton? This is one of the mysteries of trade.

"We've got to find him the money," said Mr. Moses, with a jeer. "These good workmen are so poor."

"You can draw, Mr. Moses, when part of the order is executed," said the nobleman, kindly.

Moses, Macbeth and Co. did draw; poor Pilkerton did not like to. Like an old-fashioned tradesman, he liked to have his money in a lump, and had a pious horror of prepayment. His spirits rose with his luck, and he worked bravely at his contract.

The Wesleyan minister under whom little Polly Pilkerton sat was the Reverend Samuel Stoker, a pious man, who did not disdain to sport an American degree of D.D. Dr. Stoker had prospered, lived in Bedford Square, had a son who was in a good position in the Metropolitan and Provincial Bank, and a daughter, who, when poor Pilkerton lost his money, tried to help Polly by taking music lessons from her. Miss Stoker was very stupid but very good-natured, and Polly was delighted. So was young Samuel Stoker, who delighted in his second name of Keach—Keach Stoker, Esq.—being named after a celebrated divine, who had expounded the Prophecies.

Keach Stoker was fond of music, went every Saturday to the Crystal Palace Concerts, and returned so late that he was never seen at his father's chapel. It is a way with clergymen's sons, as well as with those of pious Nonconformists. Sally Stoker, named Sarah after the wife of the patriarch, and born in days before D.D. ornamented her father's name, mourned over this, and the preacher himself

improved the occasion in his celebrated "Lectures to Young Men," on what Keach called profanely the "Double Event," that is, on "Making a Bank in both Worlds." But Keach dressed fashionably, rose in his bank, shook his head when anyone talked about marrying, said he was a beggar on five hundred a year—and so he was a beggar in slate-coloured kid gloves, splendidly cut trousers, a glossy hat, and unexceptionable boots.

This did not—this miserable state of poverty, I mean—hinder him from making covert love to Polly. When Polly gave her evening lessons, Keach, who was more than suspected of having been seen at theatres and promenade concerts, managed to stay at home, to the great delight of Sally and the D.D. He even joined in family prayer, carefully kneeling down on a scented pocket handkerchief. He was a universal favourite, this young fellow, so sober, so staid, yet so awake to all the doings of the world. His father, in spite of his absence from chapel, and his presence in a new very high church where he could leave before the sermon, looked upon him with high favour.

Keach on his part coached his father up in the state of the funds, and had he advised Pilkerton, would have saved him from his losses. When the D.D.'s congregation, upon the conclusion of a ministry of twenty years, presented him with a silver tea-pot and six hundred sovereigns, Keach took his father aside, made him spend all the six hundred in "Egyptians," and two months after sell out at premium which made six into eight. Then he split the eight into two parts, and divided them equally between "Russians" and "Turks;" both went up, the first the more rapidly; and when Dr. Stoker thought fit to retire, Keach congratulated

the pater, as he called him, upon having a neat little "thou," a pet abbreviation with city men for a thousand.

"You were quite right to sell just before dividends, pater. 'Egyptians' don't stand quite so well *ex div.*"

"I don't touch the interest," said old Stoker, "It smacks of usury."

"Quite right, sir," said Keach, paring his nails; "I will tell you always when to sell out, and when to buy in. Why not," he whispered to himself, "it will come to me some day."

So Keach Stoker, Esq., rising at his bank, and beloved at home, prospered with everybody except Polly Pilkerton.

The reason was not far to seek.

Almost every evening, except on those of the music lessons, young Benjamin Mansell, who also sat under the great Stoker, and made his boots, came round ostensibly to talk about the leather market and the price of skins, but in reality to look at Polly Pilkerton. Old Mansell and old Pilkerton were boyhood's friends, but the saddler, consorting with a higher class of customers, had learnt to look down on the bootmaker.

In his "line" Mansell was as good a workman as Pilkerton, so there could be no reason for this show of pride. But when has Pride a reason? Old Mansell, a thoughtful man, like his son, and bootmakers in general, smoked his pipe, thought that his friend "showed a stiff upper lip," and said nothing. Young Mansell, on the contrary, felt the slight and would have resented it, but he was over head and ears in love with Polly. Love makes a man swallow a good deal. Ben thought that he was not fine enough, and therefore improved himself both mentally and as far as bodily adornment went. He was a fine, manly young



"WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM THE MONEY," SAID MR. MOSES.

fellow; thoughtful and observant, and determined to win his way. He did not take a bad way to do it; Polly observed his improvement, put his motives, with the unerring perception of women, when they are themselves concerned, down to the right cause, and liked him all the better for it.

"I can't think why you encourage that young shoemaker, Polly."

"He is a bootmaker, father, and we are but saddlers."

"Bootmakers and shoemakers are all the same—'snobs!'" said old Pilkerton, bitterly. The loss of his money had made him very cynical, and his darling wish was to marry his daughter to a man who was not only rich but above his own station in life.

"Snob or not," said Polly, colouring at the insult, "he is more polite to you than Mr. Keach Stoker."

Both were thinking of the same person at the time.

"Ah! that is a man!" said Pilkerton, with gusto. "He's sure to rise in the world."

"I hope he will," said Polly, tossing her head.

That same evening she consoled young Ben by going out for a walk with him round Russell Square and down by what old Pilkerton called the "Fondling." She had a will of her own, this Polly.

"T ain't quite a proper place for a young lady to walk; it's so lonely," said her father.

"Law! and you and mother used to go courting round there when London wasn't half so full," said Polly, with a laugh, holding up her face for her father to kiss. "I can take care of myself; and Ben and I have walked and talked together since we were ten. He's so clever, and so fond of poetry, and tells me such pretty things."

This was true. Ben was an enthusiast, and never talked of himself but when he had read some book or poem; and he was always reading, and recited it to Polly—sometimes the people thought the young couple quarrelling, but they had not come to that yet; they had not even made love.



"BOOTMAKERS AND SHOEMAKERS ARE ALL THE SAME—'SNOB!'"

But if Ben had puzzled his long head for a week—and he was no fool—he could not have hit upon a better way to catch Polly. When he recited in his grave tones and manly voice, and with his good rendering—taught him more by his own heart than by the *Penny Elocutionist* he took in, and the quarter he spent at a Mechanics' Institute elocution class—Polly insensibly connected herself with the heroine, and Ben, as the nearest male creature at hand, with the hero, and her pretty eyes turned on his often glimmered with dewy tears under the gas lamps. Ah! those happy autumn walks; happy Russell Square, happy "Fondling"—then so appropriately named.

"I say, Ben," said Polly, taking hold of his arm so closely that it made him shiver delightfully, "tell me more about the 'Patrician's Daughter'—when Muldred won't have him, and she's in love with him all the time, you know. How stupid women are, are they not, Ben?"

"No, Polly; how can I think so when you can take all the points so well? They are not stupid. They think with their hearts."

"That's why they break them so often, putting them to an improper purpose. But,

Den, if a Miss Mildred—wasn't it Mildred?—rejected you on your being a—not a patrician, you know—what should you do, Ben?"

"I should break mine, Polly, if I loved her as I can love."

"How's that?" said Polly, with a feigned funny little laugh.

"With all my mind, with all my heart, and with all my soul." Here he gave Polly's arm, quite mechanically on his part, a tremendous squeeze, and the same delicious shiver ran through her frame—"and my neighbour as myself," said Ben. "That's in the Church Catechism, which Doctor Stoker preaches against, Polly."

"Is it?" said Polly. The tone of her voice was strangely altered. "Gracious! there's ten o'clock, Ben! How late it is. What *will* poor father say?"

Somehow Polly felt rather guilty that night.

CHAPTER II.

THE old saddler worked away at his contract early and late, and took so much trouble that each saddle was indeed furnished "as per sample." Seven hundred and fifty saddles take a good deal of work and leather, and work and leather have to be paid for.

Pilkerton was too proud to unburden himself to Moses, Macbeth and Company, and it would have been of little use had he done so. He followed a well-known custom and made use of a little paper instrument; he, in the slang of Mr. Keach Stoker, "flew a kite," drawing upon his old friend Mansell, who was a "warm" man, so far as a few hundreds can make one warm, for "value received." Mr. Mansell carried out the fiction like a man and a brother tradesman; some "gentlemen" in the City discounted the bill, and Pilkerton was furnished with cash. Still, although the bootmaker had obliged his early friend with the use of his name, Pilkerton did not think it any more proper that the bootmaker's son should marry his daughter.

There was, therefore, some little coolness when Polly came home, but the saddle contract was so nearly done, the money was so sure to be paid, and the saddler was too full of hope to be very full of anger.

So father and daughter found the time go very pleasantly, Polly thinking of the "Patrician's Daughter," and admiring her

Ben when he recited "Romeo and Juliet," while the father stuck closely to work with his men, paying them liberally, too, until the whole seven hundred and fifty demi-pique saddles were delivered to Mr. Moses, who looked somewhat coldly at them before Mr. Pilkerton, but was loud in his praises of the work to Lord Sangpur.

Had the saddler heard the words uttered by the Jew to the nobleman, he would have been full of praise if not of pudding. However, the work merited all that was said by Moses, Macbeth and Co.; better saddles were never delivered, and my lord drew a cheque for the balance due on the spot.

Messrs. Moses, Macbeth and Co. did not go and do likewise. They well knew the value of money, and sent poor Pilkerton wearily back with hardly a sovereign in his pocket. He had exhausted all his own money and the bill as well, and sat down, miserably enough, to wait. His contract had taken up his whole time; he had even offended some of his best customers, and he sat in his almost empty shop, lately so full of bustle, with his strong muscular hands spread idly before him.

"You're dull, father, to-day," said Polly, apparently as gay as a lark.

"Idle men generally are dull."

"Law! you're not idle; why, you are



"OH, POLLY! POLLY!" SAID THE POOR MAN.

always at work. All work and no play, you know; why don't you go and smoke a pipe with old Mr. Mansell?"

"I shall be thinking of that bill—comes due next week," sighed Pilkerton.

"Never mind; I've got all our accounts out, and if they would only pay up——"

"Ah! but my customers are all out of town, and that man Moses—I never saw a Macbeth about him——"

"What a funny name—that's the same name that Ben talks about so beautifully," said Polly to herself. "They must pay, father," she said aloud. "It was a ready-money job and at a ready-money price."

"Ah!" sighed Pilkerton; "I do wish they would think so. You see, gentlemen of their persuasion have not got to do as they would be done by."

"No; Ben says they 'do, or else they would be done,'" whispered Polly. "I don't much like them. But there are good amongst them. Hallo! here's the post-man, father—with a cheque."

Pilkerton hurried forward and trembled as he took a lawyer's letter. He stammered, hardly knowing what he said, "I can't have made a mistake with that fresh bill of mine; it hasn't come due, and this isn't a writ, is it, Polly?" Poor old fellow, he was too innocent of those useful bits of paper.

"Heavens, father! what is it?"

He had torn open the letter, and one glance at it was enough for him.

Messrs. Moses, Macbeth and Co. could not pay him the money; but they did the next best thing they could, they put his debt in a schedule.

"Oh, Polly! Polly!" said the poor man, big drops gathering on his bald head—"bankrupt!"

"You, father!"

"Worse; the horrid Jews—I shall be sold up, stock, lock, and barrel, frame and flap, headstall and crupper!" Then he sank on his stool, and taking up his leather-cutting knife, threw it on the floor with such force that it shivered like glass, and the blade, flying out of the door, nearly cut a dog's tail off. Then the good man, and he was good, swore a great oath that he would never work more.

"Be a man, father," said Polly, trembling at his great rage, and yet somehow admiring him.

"Be a man?" said he. "Yes, and work for these desperate cheats, these fellows who take contracts, screw you down to the

last penny, and then, aided by the law, cheat you out of that. These men who live in great houses upon the fat of the land and the lives of the poor. Be a man?—be a slave. By heavens, the fellows who slouch about and won't work are right, after all. How many an honest tradesman and his family have been brought to misery and starvation by such as these? Many a tender gal, and many an honest, hard-working mother, Polly—thank God, my wife's gone."

"Oh, father, father, I never heard you say so before. What wicked men they are! May God forgive them. But, father, are you sure this isn't their misfortune?"

"Sure," said the father; when it's the third time. My mates warned me to look sharp. Old Mansell did, and he knows a thing or two."

"Will you get anything, father?"

"What! when the lawyers have done their worst and had their pickings. No; do you suppose, Polly, that those gentlemen work for their own families or for their creditors? Why they are as glad when there's a bankruptcy as an undertaker is when there's a funeral coming off."

"How bad the world must be, father!"

"Well, it is not a good one—just now. About half-a-crown in the pound is all that will come to me."

"Just the eighth part!"

"Little better than the tithe of mint and cummin," said the saddler, bitterly.

"And will that aid you? When does the bill come due?"

"In a week; the bankruptcy may be settled in six months."

"Why don't you go through the court, too, father?" said Polly, with a sudden inspiration.

"What, I!" said the old man, a gleam of humour sparkling in his eye—"what I, Polly? No, I'd rather go and rot in prison, and be a journeyman again and make saddles; my right hand hasn't forgot its cunning; let the worst come to the worst, I'll earn a crust for my gal."

"Oh, father, dear old father," cried Polly, "come into the back shop and let me kiss you; you're all a man, father, and you always were."

These good people, although so shaken to their bases, that they were quite subdued and spoke almost in a whisper, were not without a secret sustenance of hope. Polly counted up all the silver spoons, ran in and out her little glass case, and added up the

bills again to try and make them a pound or so more in case she had made a mistake against themselves. She sought Mr. Keach Stoker, and asked him what was to be done when a bill became due; upon which he said, "Meet it like a British tradesman."

"But what if you can't, Mr. Keach?"

"Well, then, you may, perhaps"—he was going to explain about renewal, but Mr. Keach had a small opinion of a woman's knowledge of business and was silent for a time—then he said: "The bill's dishonoured, for, of course, one's friends have been applied to."

Polly blushed and remained silent; she had it upon her lips to ask some help of Keach, but her heart failed her. As for the banker's clerk, he knew all about the failure of M., M. and Co., and knew very well that his father's old friend and disciple was put in great straits thereby. He loved Polly after his fashion, but was jealous of young Mansell; and having his own little game to play would not hold forth his finger.

He, however, took care to warn the divine against lending money.

"You are too generous, father," returned the son, with a slightly perceptible sneer, wholly lost on the preacher. "It is not to be expected that a man who subscribed a guinea to your testimonial should borrow a hundred. You may have such an application."

"Upon my word," said Doctor Stoker, a day or two afterwards, "Keach, you are a prophet."

"Keach also among the prophets," said his sister.

"Father means *profits*. I have put all his money in the 'Greeks,' and they are moving up. He has not a penny to play with."

"You guess what I was about to say," said the D.D. "Old Pilkerton came to me, and wanted to borrow money."

"Like his impudence," said Keach.

"What next, sir?"

Sally Stoker turned pale. She was about, at Polly's instance, to preface the same request. "Oh! father," she said, "you could have done it. He is a most honest man."

"But a falling one, sir," said Keach.

"And, remember, never catch at a falling knife, or a falling friend. 'Tis a Scotch proverb, and indicative of that shrewd and cautious people."

"Poor old man;" said Sally. "Don't you remember, father, when he was much richer than we are, how he befriended you, and stood by you in the controversy about the sons of Noah."

"Both the sons of Noah, Sally," said Keach. "Are we not befriending him by taking music-lessons?"

"They are worth every penny we pay, Mr. Keach," said Sally, indignantly; and she hurried from the room to have a good cry. Sally was the only one who felt for her friend.

In the meantime the poor old saddler and his daughter fell from hope to hope deferred, and from that into a profound melancholy as



"POOR OLD MAN," SAID SALLY

the time drew near. To almost the last moment he was ready to trust to any broken reed of hope rather than have his bill and his name dishonoured. He would have applied to his friend old Mansell, and have urged him to renew his bill, but he could at present only scrape together a few pounds, his debts seemed to be accumulating, and Stoker's almost severe rejection of his petition, accompanied with some of that religious advice which is so singularly unpalatable when offered without any relief, quite unnerved him. He could not apply elsewhere; and he sat down to wait, as the Roman in his dungeon sat down to meet the assassin who was sent to despatch him.

"We must be sold up, Polly. If old Mansell chooses to put the law in force, what am I to do?"

Polly was almost as hopeless as her father. The only cheerful person about her was young Ben, who quoted generous bits of stage plays and poetry, and always declared that, by a poetical justice, the good man nine times out of ten came up all right in the play.

"Ah! but the play isn't the world, Ben; I've heard say it's a great deal worse."

"No, it isn't, Polly. You shall go to it when we are married."

"Don't talk so, Ben," returned Polly.

"How can you. It's hard-hearted, Ben; when father is so troubled and cut up. I wish it was all over."

"What, the marriage, Polly?" said Ben, drily.

"No, the dreadful bill, you cruel wretch, you. There's one comfort," she said, flashing at him an indignant and reproachful look; "you'll have to marry a beggar."

"Law!" said Ben, "is that all? She'll never be a beggar when she's my wife, if

God gives me strength and health. Polly, don't cry. If that was all, it would be well. And if I had thousands now, Polly, they should be yours."

"I wish you had, Ben," cried Polly, with a gulp and a sob.

"I don't. I'd rather you'd take me for nothing. All for love, Polly; for true love. It is the best thing in the world, and never wears out."

And then, with true delicacy, born of his poetic temperament, Ben so comforted Polly that while he was there, at least, the young girl felt brave and comforted.

In the meantime Mr. Keach tried to press his suit, which was not of the kind of

cloth that Ben's was, and offended Polly mortally. He, as Polly well knew, might have helped her; but he made her love, in his obscure hints, a condition, and Polly turned away from him in disgust. And yet what a power has money. Polly's two lessons to Miss Sally Stoker produced some few shillings a week; and this

was the gold and silver band which held Polly to her engagement, and also to enduring Keach's presence.

That gentleman himself, mortified by Polly's refusal, gloated over the coming misfortune of her father, all the more so as he had found out by ocular demonstration that Polly had preferred a plebeian young bootmaker to an aristocratic banker. The notion that they who made sound boots could be preferred to those who took care of other people's money in banks—which sometimes cracked, and let the money run out—was, he observed to himself, absolutely revolutionary.

"I'll be revenged," said Keach to himself. "I'll put a spoke into his wheel."

When one is awaiting a great trial—and to the honest saddler this was indeed one—the sooner it is over the better. As the



time approaches a sort of desperate courage is given one; and poor old Pilkerton, who would be a broken man on the morrow, was absolutely a brave and ready one on the evening before the fatal day. He balanced his books, made everything as clear as daylight, filled the place of a boy, and swept up the shop and polished the snaffles and curbs himself, as if, with the presentation of the bill, one of the Commissioners in Bankruptcy and a file of policemen would walk into his little shop and declare him ruined.

"Now, father, it's all ready," said Polly, ruefully, with a sad smile. "Ready, if they come at six in the morning."

"Umph! they are bound to present it before twelve."

"Don't talk of it, father. Let us have some tea."

It was a little past six o'clock. Old Pilkerton was as obedient as a child. Polly led him in and poured out his tea, and stood up to say grace. Now all was to pass from him, the old man looked round the comfortable room with a sigh and a groan, and thought how dear it was to him. His home had never looked so well before; so homely, yet so neat and comfortably warm.

"We thank thee for this, our daily bread," said Polly, with tears in her voice.

"We have wept, and we have not been comforted; we have prayed, and we have not been answered," said old Pilkerton, savagely.

"Don't, father," said his daughter, imploringly. "Gracious what's that?"

Rap, rap. How both started. It was the postman, who was in the middle of the shop, with a registered letter. With trembling fingers, Polly signed for it, and took it in. "What's this, father?" she said.

"Nothing; some order for saddles, with drawings; those swells think everything belonging to them valuable."

It was just one week before Christmas Day; for bills will come due through feasts and fasts—except on the free days and the new Bank holidays—and sometimes new saddles were made up as presents; so the old man was not, perhaps, so far out.

"Let me open the letter if it's business," said Polly, forcing a cheerfulness, and sitting down, after closing the glass door of parlour. How nice and red and warm postmen do look. "Do you like your tea, father?"

"Pretty well, my dear; perhaps it's the

last we may have. Yes, they are drawings."

"Oh, my! Oh! father, dear father, look here."

She opened the letter, found two stiff cards, which caused the old saddler to utter his remark, and then unwinding the string which bound them pretty tightly, opened six new crisp, charming-looking pieces of copperplate engraving—worth at least fifty pounds each, for they were bank-notes.

When old Pilkerton fully comprehended that they were real, he laid down his bread-and-butter, and pressing his hands to his forehead, fell down on his knees, crying, "God forgive me for my wicked haste." Then he gave way to a torrent of tears, in which Polly joined him, laughing and choking at the same time, with one hand round his neck, or sometimes patting his back, while she said, "Cry away, father; it will do you good."

Christmas came and went; the bill was paid. Old Pilkerton wanted to rush at once to old Mansell, waving his notes over his head; but Polly told him to bear himself like a man, to change some of the notes and to await the clerk.

A very gentlemanly young man called and presented the bill just about twelve; whereon Pilkerton took him into his glass cupboard, and Polly—"My clerk, sir"—produced the money from the desk, and it disappeared at once in a black leathern pocket-book chained round the young gentleman's waist. Then the old man got his bill, and, when the clerk was gone, tore it into fragments, and vowed he would never take a contract nor draw a bill again. His shop was not shut up. A customer more thoughtful than the rest paid his bill and put our old saddler in possession of some ready money; and, to Keach's disappointment, Polly got another engagement, and determined to give up her friend Sally Stoker, after finding out that it was not, as old Pilkerton long protested that it must be, that generous man the D.D. who had furnished the money.

"That's a mystery, father," said Polly; "and we will rake the money together, bit by bit, to pay our generous benefactor when we find him."

"It's mysterious; it's providential. So was that old bad debt turning out so wonderfully so soon after. That gave us a hundred towards it, Polly."

"Ben said we should be helped," said Polly.

To which the father gravely replied: "Benjamin Mansell was right—for once in his life."

It was curious that the opposition he had shown to that young man had not decreased, nor the admiration he felt for Keach Stoker.

It was more than a week after Christmas

Polly, meditating still upon the pleasant mystery which had saved her father's credit and, perhaps, his life, hurried away home from giving a lesson at her new pupil's. The weather suddenly changed, and Polly, who had brought no umbrella, found herself obliged to stand up for a regular London downpour. She had scarcely adjusted her clothes, looking most ruefully at some spots on her neat and handsome silk dress, meanwhile grasping her music-roll in her hand like a policeman's bâton, when Mr. Keach Stoker came upon the scene. Polly could not refuse his offer of a shelter. Keach was delighted.

He talked of many things; then led up to races. There had been some steeplechasing in the South, and he had understood that an acquaintance of theirs—he would not say friend—had dropped something on the race.

"Dropped something. What is that?"

"Lost some money."

"Who was it?"

"Why, nobody less than Mr. Mansell, the bootmaker."

"Poor old gentleman!" said Polly.

"'Twasn't the old; it was the young."

What, he take to racing—her Ben! And he lose money at racing—large, heavy sums, when her father was suffering. Polly's head was, as she afterwards said, in a whirl.

"Are you sure of this dreadful accusation, Mr. Keach?" said Polly, sharply, for to her a gambler was a creature to be ever avoided.

"We're close home; now I will leave you; so sorry," said Keach, as they approached the door, rejoicing that he had planted a wound that would rankle, "Sure, Miss Pilkerton? oh, yes; we men of

business are sure. I was told of the name, (Mr. Keach belied himself), and on the 18th of December—settling day—young Mansell, who had been saving up money, drew the whole out—six ponies——"

"What are ponies, sir?"

"Ponies? oh, I forgot; six fifty-pound notes—for I paid it him. Good-morning—evening I should say."

The arrow sped; and a wondrous effect it had upon Polly. In she rushed to the shop; in again to the little parlour, and fell upon her knees, crying, "Oh! father, father! I've found out who our benefactor is——"

"Hush, child; there's that bothering young Ben in the shop, waiting upon some pretence or another."

Out rushed Polly, dragging in Ben, astonished and alarmed.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Ben," said Polly, beseechingly, "promise me you will never tell me a falsehood."



MR. KEACH STOKER CAME UPON THE SCENE.

"I never did," said Ben, "and never will."

"Then you sent the three hundred pounds —"

"And saved my honour," cried old Pilkerton, taking hold of both his hands.

"And won my heart," said Polly, falling on his neck, and kissing him."

"Well," said the struggling hero, rather ruefully, and blushing at his secret doings having been found out, "I thought I'd won that before, and I wasn't going to be beholden to money; for isn't a heart of gold worth more than a bag of gold, Polly?"

"You shall have both, Ben. One you've got, you darling; and when we've paid you the money, you shall have the other. And, Ben," said the earnest girl, her heart bounding with joy, "I'll work my fingers to the bone before —"

"I'd rather have them as they are, Polly," said Ben, seizing her pretty hands and covering them with kisses, "and, provided you and the governor are willing, I'll take them to-morrow."

Would you be surprised to hear—the form of question is original —

1. That Polly married Mr. Ben Mansell, and that old Mansell came down handsomely on the occasion?

2. That Lord Sangpur came to congratulate Mr. Pilkerton on the new saddles of Her Majesty's celebrated regiment the Redlegs, and hearing then and there of his misfortune, vöwed to make it up to him somehow, and really did so?

3. That Messrs. Moses, Macbeth and Co., finding many tough customers in their third bankruptcy, paid in full and got it annulled?

4. That Messrs. Pilkerton and Mansell are celebrated saddlers by appointment to H.M. the Queen and H.R.H., &c., &c.?

5. That Mr. Keach Stoker was a little too venturesome with the "Greeks," and that the funds of that historic race let the D.D. in? If you are, I must have told my story very badly





I.

“JUST too late to catch the 11.45, sir!”

“Just too late!” The haunting words which had shadowed Austin Wakefield’s life, and left him at forty a mediocrity. As a boy, “just too late” to win prizes at school. As a young man, “just too late” to save the life of the woman he loved. As a middle-aged man, “just too late” to grasp the fleeting music which welled up in his soul, claiming the right of genius to be heard, and yet defying all efforts to place it on paper.

The words rang in his ears as he turned from the station to trudge the six miles which separated him from home.

They brought the old dreams of by-gone days back—when life seemed so bright and full of promise; they sported bitterly with the story of his lost love. A sad story, this, yet a very commonplace one: just the old conventional story of a confiding woman, who gives her all to a man, only to find him faithless.

This woman had striven to hide her shame in a great city; content if she could but earn the mere pittance which would serve to keep life in her body. But the world, with its accustomed harshness to honourable rags, and plenteous favour to dishonourable robes, had refused to allow her this. He had sought her high and low, only to find her at last, dying of starvation, with just sufficient breath in her body to tell him she had left her child on the doorstep of a rich man’s house, to save her from a like fate. He had buried his lost love, and striven hard to find the child, but with no success.

Then “just too late” passed from that story, and fastened on to the remainder of his life, reminding him of how the genius he had fancied himself to be possessed of, had resolved itself into an engagement in the orchestra of a music-hall.

“Ah, well!” he thought, with a bitter laugh, “I was not too late to take advantage of that ‘Tide in the affairs of man, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,’ because that desirable period has never come to my life—perhaps it has to come yet.”

His thoughts had reached thus far, when their continuity was interrupted by the plaintive plea, “Buy a box of matches, sir?”

He was about to press a few coppers into the girl’s hand and pass on, but a refinement in the voice and face uncommon in one of her class arrested him.

“It is late for a young girl like yourself to be out,” he said. “Have you no home to go to?”

The girl shrunk back with a gesture of disgust which told him only too well

that the street life had taught her to distrust seeming kindness from one of his sex.

"My child," he said very gently, "do not fear me. I wish you no harm."

She looked up into his face and the honesty and kindness written there reassured her. "No home but an arch. No food but a crust of bread," she answered.

He led her un-resistingly to a coffee-stall, and paid for a meal for her. While she ate he studied her face—so young, so lined with care and sorrow, yet with no defacing traces of evil. Whatever trouble had come to this child of seventeen, had left her as it found her, pure in body and soul.

As he studied, the other womanly features he had loved so well came back to him; and the thought crossed his mind that her child might be wandering the streets as this one was, homeless and hungry; wanting just a helping hand to save her from starvation or worse. This might even be that child. No; her child would only be twelve years old, if it still lived.

"Why should I not take this girl to my heart?" he thought, "and treat her as though my lost Madge had been her mother. I need some being whom I could love, and teach to love me, one who would bring a ray of sunshine into my miserable life, and give me a purpose to work for."

Some men would have paused to think of what the world would say to this introduction of a girl, just budding into womanhood, to his home. But his world was his own conscience. He could call no man or woman friend, for none knew or cared what his life was, except the people who employed him, and they only as far as his playing went.

Can we realise this solitary life? Realising it, can we wonder at the longing in the man's heart for companionship? Remember he was no misanthrope, no willing exile from the world, but a man with a loving nature penned back by misfortune and painful memories of the past, only longing for some being to love and cherish as his very own.

As he gazed into that girl's face, so pure amidst the squalor of her clothing, his pent up feelings found vent in a pitiful cry of: "Come to me, my child!"

The coffee-stall keeper looked up in mild surprise, but his vocation brought him into contact with some strange scenes, and after a casual glance at the funny couple, he went on buttering what his usual patrons styled "door-steps."

Austin Wakefield led the girl away into the shade, and told her what he wished.

"Do not be frightened of me, child!" he cried. "God knows I wish you naught but good! The home I have to offer you is humble; but it is, at least, better than the streets. Come and be my daughter."

She hesitated. Her life had taught her to be cautious of those who asked her to trust them; but she was so tired of the wind, the rain, the semi-starvation which goes to make up the life of a homeless wanderer such as herself. Could she dare believe in this man, with the weary, care-worn face, and accept the relief from all her troubles which his proposal offered? In spite of his shabby clothes he looked a gentleman, one to whom lying was a stranger. Yes, she could struggle no longer; she would trust him.

It was three hours before they reached home, for she was weary and footsore, but it seemed scarcely half that time to them. He encouraged her to tell him of her past life. It did not take long to tell. The workhouse records would sum it up thus:

"Born in the 'house'—mother died in giving birth—parents unknown—named by Guardians Ivy Smith—clothed, fed, educated by the parish up to the age of fifteen, then set up in business as a match and flower-girl, no suitable domestic service offering."

If the record had been carried beyond that age it might have said:



"SHE WOULD SIT FOR HOURS AT HIS FEET"

"Matches, flowers and virtue, a drug in the market. Result: Semi-starvation and dark arches."

Ivy Smith slept in a bed that night—about the twelfth time she had done so since she left the "house"—for he gave up his own to her, sleeping on a sofa in the little front room.

What months of happiness followed for those two: the long country walks, the visits to picture galleries and museums, the occasional afternoon concerts or matinée at a theatre. All seemed to her a realisation of dreams she had had in the old days.

Under the benign influence of this life the natural high spirits of girlhood

asserted themselves, and her ringing, merry laugh thrilled through the dull old rooms and brightened them up until they seemed a veritable mansion to their owner.

She could not be called beautiful. In fact, a casual observer might have styled her plain; but the beauty of a pure heart and generous soul shone from her grey eyes, and to Austin Wakefield she was the sweetest woman in the world.

The "house" education had not been very extensive, but it was a pleasure to him to instruct her budding mind. Together they waded through arithmetic and reading-books, laughing merrily at the struggles she had with the long words and terrible problems. But her one great desire was to learn music. She would sit for hours nestling at his feet and never uttering a word whilst he played to her on his violin.

She often begged to be allowed to start. "All in good time, little one," would be his laughing answer. "Let us get the ground work of a solid English education into your small self before we start on accomplishments." So the music was held in abeyance for the time.

And a change had been wrought in him. The gloomy days of the past had melted away before the bright ones of the present; and he once more began to battle with the world and attempt to claim its favours. He applied for and obtained the position of first violinist in an opera house orchestra, and with the added income it brought was able to buy her pretty clothes and beautify their home. He even attempted to compose, a thing he had not done for years. True, the music did not seem to strike the public taste, but still he cheerfully continued, never doubting, in his new-born hope, that some day success would crown his efforts.

At times he paused to think if he would always be able to keep her by his side. "Am I tenderly nurturing this fair young flower only for some other lucky man to pluck and wear," his thoughts would run. "Will she not one day feel the power of love and leave me?"

A terrible pang of pain this brought him, and he analysed that pain, probing his heart unmercifully by the question:—"Do I love her as a father, or a lover?" And the answer was:—"As a lover." Yes, the image so long cherished had faded away, and he realised that the one longing of his life was to make this girl his wife.

"You have but to ask her," whispered his heart, "gratitude and obedience will dictate her answer. She is heart-whole at present. Why give her to some younger man, who will, perhaps, tire of her love after a time? Why should the maddening passion ever find a place in her soul? Be content with the steady affection she gives you now, and marry her."

But he loved her too well to be guided by these promptings; so the old affectionate relations of father and daughter continued uninterruptedly. Now and then he caught himself jealously watching for signs of awakening interest in any of the young men who visited them. They never came, for Ivy Smith had given the whole of her love and reverence to the man who had befriended her.

Why tell of the many little tokens by which he finally discovered that he had won this fresh young heart for his very own? Let it suffice that one day their mutual love was told, and two months after they were married.

If I followed my inclinations I would leave them now, in the full zenith of their happiness, each of them compensated for the former years which had yielded them so little but pain and woe. Only real life stories do not always end where the hero and heroine are united.

When this true-hearted man and woman plighted their troth, there was but one thing that could ever part them—King Death. And he stepped in and carried Austin Wakefield's girl-wife away four months after their marriage. The two years of exposure to all weathers—whilst half-clothed and only half-fed—had done their work only too well, undermining her constitution, and sowing the seeds of consumption.

It was no sudden parting; they were both prepared for the inevitable end. Just a simple bodily, painless wasting away. But that death scene never fades from his memory. During those last moments the tide in the affairs of Austin Wakefield came, and in pain and anguish he took it at the flood.

As he bent over her the farewell wish of her heart was told.

In slow, faltering accents the words came:

"Austin, darling husband, for months I have longed to give you a gift which God has given me, but the power to make it known to you would never come until now, when our parting is so close, so very close. In my soul, music has found a place; will you give it to the world, not as mine, but as your own? Let me sing to you, dear, and as the music comes to me, write it down."

Outside a terrible storm raged, yet above the howling of the wind rose the sweet voice of the dying woman, giving to the man she loved her last gift on earth.

Note by note the sad, plaintive music fell from her lips—now rising, now falling—thrilling his soul with its glorious melody. Note by note the heart-broken man placed it on the paper, often stopping to dash the blinding tears from his eyes, until at last, with one heavenly burst, the voice died away—and Ivy Wakefield was no more.

* * * * *

In the phraseology of the day the "Ivy Waltz" caught on. Little do the whirling dancers think that its final notes, so low and tender, were the last gasps for breath of a loving, dying woman.

As I write, my thoughts fly to a man whom all the world admires and envies, as one of the most successful composers of his day. A man who spends the wealth his talent brings in brightening the lives of homeless girls, whilst he patiently waits for the day when the same dread being who tore his love and him asunder shall re-unite them.

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ON TO THE CONFEEDS

New Zealand



CLOVIS, whose chief characteristic was a fine imperial moustache, had been, like many other English youths,

trained to nothing in particular, and like many other youths trained in the same way, was pronounced a failure at home and shipped out to the colony of New Zealand.

He was supplied with letters of introduction to some of his father's business friends, capital to the amount

failing to meet with this person, he condescended to pawn most of his belongings, and descend to the cheapest lodgings he could find.

In the sphere of cheap lodgings, he met people who told him that there was carried on within a few miles of Auckland an industry which required neither capital nor experience, which could be carried on in comparative seclusion, and which would yield a sufficient income to keep a man supplied with most of the necessaries of life.

This industry was gum-digging, and Clovis, in spite of his training, had sufficient of the old English spirit in him to see almost as much novelty and charm in it as many a better man than he has seen in gold digging.

Clovis learnt that the gum dug for was the product of Kauri pine trees, which existed ages ago, that this gum, being either formed about the roots of the trees, or falling from trunks and branches, had become covered with earth, and thus had been preserved from the large fires which had completely destroyed the forest.



ARRIVED IN THESE GARMENTS.

of fifty pounds, a good outfit, a solemn farewell, and a saloon passage to Auckland, the northern capital of Maori land.

Clovis intended making his fortune in some manner to be revealed unto him in some unforeseen way, and began his new life by investing a large proportion of his capital in the extravagances of the passenger ship. He sank the remainder in fun and hotel expenses whilst waiting for a revelation in Auckland.

When he had exhausted the means at his disposal, he presented his letters of introduction, and received the valuable advice to which they entitled him. Then being really desirous to save himself from starvation, he tried to find somebody who would give a salary to a person trained to do nothing, and,



LAUGHED WHEN THEY SAW HIM.

In spite of this information and much technical advice, Clovis had very vague ideas as to how the gum was obtained. But as one of his fellow lodgers told him that the way to get gum was to go and dig for it, Clovis resolved to try this method. The same fellow lodger also told him where to go in order that he might dig.

Clovis by instinct, probably, had retained some of his most useless clothes from the hands of the pawnbroker. A pair of grey-tweed trousers, cloth-topped boots, three



THEY SHOW'D HIM THE STORE.



THE WHARE HAD A SACK ROOF.

white shirts, a dress coat, and a few handkerchiefs and collars.

Arrayed in these incongruous garments, he bade farewell to Auckland, and tramped on to the Gumfields.

A walk of twelve miles took him into a region of low, rounded downs, sloping from a range of forest-clad hills to the inlets and bays of a great beautiful harbour.

A picturesque country, but desolate looking in its robes of sad green mountain scrub, unbroken by any signs of cultivation.

Clovis, getting beyond the limits of civilisation, began to fear that he had entered the country of the Maoris; but towards evening he feared more that the country was uninhabited. Suddenly he saw, a little way from the track, three rough-looking men sitting near what he imagined to be a dilapidated hay-stack, but which in reality was a human dwelling—a hut, or, as it would be called in New Zealand, a whare.

The men laughed when they saw him approach—the incongruous garments

tickled their fancy. But they received him good-naturedly, and lay before him a supper of cold mutton and hot potatoes. As this was the first meal Clovis had discussed since his early breakfast, he enjoyed it, and won the hearts of his entertainers by his appetite and his graciousness. They showed him the store

and introduced him to the storekeeper, who, according to the custom of the Gum-fields, agreed to supply him with implements and provisions for a start on credit.

His hospitable entertainers then led him to a whare, in which he could take up his quarters. The whare had a sack roof and a sod chimney, and was furnished only with fresh air. The men lent him blankets from their scanty stock, and helped him to make a bed of dry fern, on which he slept more soundly than he had slept for months.

The next morning Clovis had a second interview with the storekeeper, who supplied him with a spade and a rapier-like spear, fitted into a spade handle.

Clovis received some practical lessons in the use of the spear, which, as they consisted simply in prodding the ground with it until it struck something hard, were easily learned. Then he went in search of gum.

He sought out places that an experienced hand would have avoided, and stuck the spear into the ground without



THE STOREKEEPER SUPPLIED HIM.

any regard to systematic prospecting. Once he felt the spear strike a brittle substance, and gave a shout of joy. Alas, the brittle substance was only charcoal—relic of the great fire which had destroyed the forests. Again, after much prodding, he thought he had hit gum, but it was only more relics of the ancient fire, in the shape of clay, burnt hard.

Like most new chums at the work, he rushed madly about the country and dug frantically in a hundred different places, only to return at sunset tired and empty-handed, whilst his com-



HIS CLOTH-TOP BOOTS FELL TO PIECES.

His cloth-topped boots fell to pieces. His trousers were worn away by the scrub until they made a fringe about his knees. The tails of his dress coat went away in the same manner, and he began to think that there was not any such thing as gum in the district, and that he had better go back to Auckland again, though he could not get gum or anything else there.

Still the three men managed to find the product of the old kauris. They were making with great regularity at least two pounds per week per man; so Clovis persevered and at last dropped on a patch—almost every spadeful of earth showed it—a brown, brittle, amber-like substance in lumps from the size of a filbert to the size of a cocoa-nut. He got nearly sixty



RUSHED MADLY ABOUT.

rades of the previous night came in with heavy loads on their backs.

Clovis was too proud to ask his new friends to let him go out with them digging; and, as to them, taking a man not their mate to their digging would be like letting a stranger into a gold claim: they never thought of it. So poor Clovis, like nearly every other gum-seeker, had to learn where to seek by experience.

Day after day he tramped through fern and scrub—rambling mile after mile, getting into bogs, losing himself in thickets of manuka, digging despairingly in the very worst places.



AND DUG FRANTICALLY.



AT LAST DROPPED ON A PATCH.

pounds from that one place and staggered home under his load—proud and triumphant.

It gave him the first money he had ever earned in his life, and, although it was mortgaged to the storekeeper, he felt that he had at least won success.

Then gum digging began to wear for him a different aspect. He delighted in the freedom of the life, in its chance and change, in its out-door healthiness. His whole system was braced up by the physical labour. It was a pleasure to move about in that bright atmosphere. He could get up at



AND RETURNED AT SUNSET TIRED AND EMPTY-HANDED.

sunrise, fresh and vigorous, and enjoy the chops grilled on the red embers. Then out with spade and spear over hills and through gullies in the warm, sunny weather, digging for a spell and resting at will—eating his simple lunch by the side of some clear creek, and smoking a pipe after it in the shade of ferns and flowering shrubs.

He made friends with his fellow diggers, and found them jolly fellows. At night time they would sit together scraping the earth and rust of oxidation from the gum they had dug during the day—smoking and telling yarns; or would play euchre, or sing songs, as the spirit moved them.

Clovis was lucky after his first find, and



OFF TO THE RACES.

Australia turned the whole of the balance into varnish on her own account.

Clovis, who knew only a little less on this subject than the storekeeper, felt that he was the man to supply the world with varnish made from kauri gum; and, as a preparation to going in for this enterprise, he arranged to go with two of his new friends to make a pile at the Yamati Races. Down at Yamati they drank the health of the first barmaid they had seen for six months—drank it three times, as in duty bound, there being three of them.



AND MOURNED WHILST THE BOOKIE DANCED.

Then they went on the course, and got odds on their choice from a bookie. The odds were against them and they mourned, whilst the bookie danced a fandango of pleasure. But, in spite of this little drawback, Clovis had a real good time of it, and finished up the day in a perfect whirl of excitement.



THEY DRANK THE WEALTH.

soon cleared off his store account. Then he began to think about starting to make his fortune. The old storekeeper told him that the gum which was found only in the province of Auckland was superseding nearly everything else in the manufacture of varnish: that, although nearly £6,000,000 worth had been raised since gum-digging first began, it all went out of the country: that America took £260,000 worth yearly, and London a little more than half that amount; and



PERFECT WHIRL OF EXCITEMENT.



SUMMER was on the wane, the beautiful Swedish summer, short and fleeting as a poet's dream: The long days when the sun only just dipped below the horizon were drawing in, and lights were glimmering once more in the fisher huts along the rugged western shores; for August had passed her prime, and the soft, tender twilight of the northern summer night had deepened into darkness.

There was a scent of autumn in the air, and the winds that were now beginning to sweep over the fjords whispered already of winter storms to come. I had been spending the summer at F——, one of the many fishing villages dotted along the coast between Gottenburg and Fredrickshald. A queer, little primitive place it was, with its tiny wooden cottages painted red or yellow, perched about amongst the rocks, like a lot of little Noah's arks. Some of them, close to the water's edge, were built on pyramids of stones, and looked as if a sneeze would send them toppling over.

Just across the wide stretch of fjord (or skärgård,* as the fjords are called in Swedish), was a fashionable little watering place, which had begun life as a fishing hamlet when the century was young. It had been gay with visitors during the short season, but they were on the wing now, and the sailing boats that all summer had been skimming over the waters in every direction were gradually disappearing.

It was time for me to be off, too; but still I lingered on, loath to depart. The spirit of the sea had taken possession of me, and the long bright days had been passed sailing hither and thither over the sun-lit fjords, exploring the wild desolate coast, whose weird beauty grows so strangely upon one. It seems monotonous at first, that vast expanse of rock and water, stretching out as far as the eye can reach, not a sign of life to be seen, or a sound to be heard, save the "break, break, break at the foot of thy crags, O sea." But watch the rocks at noon-tide, when the sun is shining full on their rugged peaks, lighting them up like a smile on a sullen countenance, and falling here and there on a cluster of yellow stonecrop or a tuft of hardy blue-bells. Or watch them when the sunlight flickers down through the drifting clouds and the shadows come and go, changeful as the ripples on a summer sea. Or, more beautiful still, watch them in the evening, when the setting sun casts his own glory over them, and they lie bathed in the crimson radiance, as if it were all their own. One learns to understand, at last, the passionate love which makes the hardy fisher folks cling to their skärgård home, in spite of toil and privation, and the long, dark winter months when, for weeks together, the roar of the wind and waves is the only sound to be heard.

My boatman, Rolf, who always accompanied me on my sailing excursions, was born and bred on the coast, a true son of the skärgård. For a couple of years

* Pronounced sharegord.

he had served on a British merchant vessel; then, when he had scraped together a little money, he had returned to his native shores, bought a sailing boat, and hired it out during the season. He knew every inch of the coast, and many a strange out of the way nook he took me to, and many a thrilling adventure he told me of the old smuggling days and daring feats, which showed that the wild viking spirit still survives in the sturdy sons of the skårgard. One evening we were returning from a long expedition we had been making; we had already left the stormy Cattegat behind us, the roar of whose waves, dashing against the rocks, can be heard for miles around, and had passed the huge gaunt peaks guarding the entrance to the fjords, when the wind sank, and our little boat, with loose flapping sails, just floated gently along the ripples.

We had entered a narrow strait. I did not remember ever passing before. Just in the middle, where the shadows fell darkest, a curious tongue-shaped rock, covered with slimy-looking seaweed, sloped into the water. I noticed Rolf gazing at it, an awed, solemn look in his keen, blue eyes.

"What a dismal place!" I remarked, shivering; "it looks as if never a gleam of sunshine rested on it."

"Nor does it, lady," said Rolf; "the place is accursed. See how black the shadow lies over the water there; it is a sign, they say. But have you never heard tell of what happened here some fifteen years ago?"

I had not, and begged Rolf for the story; and this was the tale he told me; though I am quite unable to give it in his own quaint English.

Not far from S—, just a mile or two inland, there lived, many years ago, a peasant farmer and his wife. The bit of land attached to the little homestead was their own; and, being a hard-working and thrifty couple, they managed at first to earn a comfortable livelihood out of the scanty soil. But as time went on, and one little downy head after another occupied the wooden crib in the kitchen corner, Jens began to look grave and wonder how the land was to be made to feed so many hungry little mouths.

"Too many children by half," he would

grumble to his wife; "it's hard upon poor folks like us."

Then came a couple of cold, wet summers, when the harvest failed, and the cows died; and the farmer's brow grew heavy with care, and he would sit brooding at night over his losses, and bemoaning the ill luck that had fallen upon his home. As the winter wore on and want seemed hovering on the threshold, even the cheerful, comely face of the farmer's wife began to look pinched and careworn. "Five mouths to feed, and another one coming," was the father's plaint all through the long, hard winter; and, when a cold, wet spring set in and things seemed growing from bad to worse, a sullen, angry spirit took possession of him, and wife and children kept as much as possible out of his way.

One day in early June the young ones were bidden to a birthday merry-making in the next village. After weeks of storm and rain, the sun shone out brightly at last, and the mother, glad of a treat for the children, started them off in good spirits. Later in the afternoon the farmer looked in.

"I am going to meet the children," he said, and take a walk round by the sea, as the day is so fine."

"Eh, but be careful, Jens," replied the wife. "The rocks are like to be slippery after all the rain."

The afternoon wore on, and the little party did not return. As the evening shadows began to fall, the mother took up her post in the door-way, watching the road with eager, anxious eyes. Supper time came, and still no signs of husband or children; then, unable to bear her anxiety any longer, she set off for the village.

Jens and the young ones had left long ago, she was told. Mother Iverson's Johanna had followed them a bit of the way, but Jens had sent her home again, as they were going for a walk along the coast, he said. Another anxious hour passed, and then a little party of fisher folk started in quest of the missing ones. A long search, but at last in the dim twilight they saw a man in his shirt-sleeves pacing frantically up and down a slip of rock; he was muttering to himself and gesticulating wildly. As the party approached he shrieked and waved his arms, as if to keep them off. On the tongue of rock close to the water's edge lay the

motionless form of a child, its small white face gazing upwards with a glassy stare from a mass of dank, slimy seaweed. And the others? Not a trace could be seen of them; the dark waters beneath told no tales, and the rising wind, moaning over the fjord, kept the secret well.

Jens was dragged home with difficulty—home, to tell the mother that, of all the children who had set off so blithely that summer afternoon, not one would ever return to her again. They had been drowned, he said, when, having collected his senses, an explanation was at last forced out of Jens. He had left them for a few minutes on the rocks, whilst he went a little farther on to bathe. Then, hearing a scream, he ran back and saw them all struggling in the water. They must have slipped, he supposed; and, not being able to swim, he had only succeeded by clinging to the seaweed in recovering the body of the youngest child. The story was received with doubtful shakes of the head and averted looks; suspicions that none liked to give words to arose in every mind. It was remembered all too well how bitterly Jens had bemoaned during the past winter the burden of so many mouths to feed, and it was known, too, that the elder children could swim. The bodies were recovered the next day, and the country folks, for many miles round, came to the funeral and strewed flowers on the little graves, dug side by side.

Then a silence as of death seemed to fall on the little homestead; that was broken

at last by the wail of a tiny voice; but the poor little babe that had found its way to the stricken nest failed to waken to life the mother's broken heart; there was no welcome for it there, and so it just closed its eyes on the world again, and, before many days were over, there was another new grave in the village churchyard, where a mother and child were laid together.

"But surely, Rolf," I said, as the story came to an end, "it is not possible that the man really drowned his children?"

"It was never known for certain, lady, how they met their death, though no one believed they had come by it fairly, and" (sinking his voice to an awed whisper), "when the body of the eldest girl was recovered, there was found to be deep scratches on the face, and in the clenched hands were bits of wool from the comforter Jens had worn round his neck. No one ever went nigh him after his wife and little one died, and a year after his dead body was found floating close to yonder rock. Folks shun the place now; it is haunted, they say."

I was glad that we were well out of the dismal little strait by this time, for a gentle breeze had sprung up that was wafting us briskly along. Far out in the great open sea the sun, now a great fiery ball, was sinking slowly, slowly into the golden waves; a few moments more and he had disappeared, and gradually the glorious sunset tints faded away like a blush, from rock and sea and sky, and a soft twilight gloom settled over all.

Dramatic Notes.

BY FITZGERALD ARTHUR.

IT will be too late this month for me to notice one or two important productions.

I should like to say a word about the Lyceum and Mr. Forbes Robertson's management. I have always had a very high opinion of Mr. Robertson's histrionic abilities, and I have watched his different performances with increasing interest. His "Scarpia" in *La Tosca* was a master-piece of the actor's art, but his succeeding rôles added still further lustre to his name. Who has forgotten his magnificent elocution in the Duke of Buckingham, or his Lancelot in *King Arthur*. He has yet to make fresh conquests in his Romeo. Of course, he has already played Romeo to Madamie Mojeska's Juliet, but this was many years ago, and Mr. Robertson has added much to his experience since then. That the critics one and all will be charmed with his latest reading of the lines is to my mind certain. His enunciation, his elocution, his declamation, his presence, will all combine to make his first night at the Lyceum under his own management a red letter one in his career. Concerning the new Juliet I am inclined to think diverse opinions will be expressed. I myself am not entitled to describe myself as a devout admirer of Mrs. Campbell.

Another notable and much talked of production nearly due is *Trilby* at the Haymarket. America has gone *Trilby* mad, and Mr. Tree, ever to the fore, has secured Mr. Paul M. Potter's dramatised version of Mr. Du Maurier's well-known novel. This he has already presented to a Manchester audience, and it has been pronounced "a thorough success." Miss Dorothea Baird as Trilby is styled "a life-like representation of the original." Mr. Tree, of course, is Svengali, and of him also the northern critics speak highly. We must possess our souls in patience and we will all see it in due course. Such a much-talked-of and well advertised play as *Trilby* could not be on the boards without a burlesque following as certain

as night does day. It will be hailed with delight by all lovers of the theatre that Miss Nellie Farren is about to go into management, and that she is to inaugurate her season with a burlesque of *Trilby*. It is too early yet to say anything about this burlesque, but it is a certainty that Miss Farren will have the veriest bumper of bumper houses when she throws open the doors of her playhouse. It was to be Terry's, but Mr. Fred Kerr has transferred his *Miss Brown* there.

Cheer, Boys, Cheer is the healthy title of the Drury Lane drama due about the time these lines appear in print. Scene after scene is promised—some fifteen in all, but *the* scene is to show the last stand, when the gallant Major Wilson and his heroic band stood shoulder to shoulder in their last hour, facing death as calmly as if on parade. To my mind we have a great deal to thank Sir Augustus Harris for in giving us these inspiring scenes. We do not see half enough of our redcoats or blue-jackets, and whenever any such picture of heroism is given, mark how it is received with rounds of the heartiest cheers. Note the tableau "The Last Grip," what raptures and enthusiasm it evoked at the Tivoli. We are also promised an autumn season of English Opera under the management of Mr. Hedmont, backed up by the vast experience of Sir Augustus Harris. But what have the Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company been about to allow this? Surely if Mr. Hedmont, till lately himself a member of that company, has the pluck to risk this enterprise, the Carl Rosa Company could have also given us a season.

Right pleased am I to see that Miss Cissy Graham's most excellent provincial company has been so well received in London. For be it known that *All Abroad* at the Criterion is being performed by most of those who have been under Miss Graham's banner for some



MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD
From a photograph by T. E. Turner, Hal.

time past. *All Abroad* is of the musical farce order, and evidently great pains has been spent on its elaboration by Messrs. Owen Hall and Tanner. Mr. Horace Mills, long the provincial Lord Arthur Pomeroy, and Mr. C. E. Stevens are the two legal gentlemen, Mr. Bowles and Mr. Beaver. Both these gentlemen have some excellent comic songs, the former's, "The Case of Obedient Mary," being a diverting lay well sung; while the latter's song about the use of the phonograph for lovers is comical in the extreme. Miss Ada Reeve and Miss Kate Culler as the two heroines of the piece, Madame

and Connie, are both excellent, Miss Reeve's solo "The Business Girl" being charmingly rendered. In this song Miss Reeve, without leaving the stage, appears in several different costumes. Mr. De Lange as an amorous Baron is enormous, but then Mr. De Lange is always certain to be both excellent and characteristic in whatsoever he enacts. Mr. Cootes is the Ernest of the play, and in him we have a most agreeable tenor and one who will prove a decided acquisition to the lyric opera boards. Mr. C. Frere and Mr. Lionel Rae, two more of Miss Graham's faithful henchmen, are both excellent in smaller parts; they both work loyally and well and contribute their quota to the general success.

Mr. Willard's production of *Alabama* at the

Garrick has not set the Thames on fire; on the contrary, it has proved as dull as the proverbial ditch-water. This is all the more to be regretted, for we one and all admire Mr. Willard, and when he is supported by such excellent artistes as Miss Marion Terry and Mr. James Fernandez it is a pity to see so much good talent thrown away on a play not worthy of their undoubted ability.

Now at the Adelphi the Fratelli Gatti have to some extent departed from the regular



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL
From a photograph by Frederick Hollyer



MR. HURACE MILLS

blood-and-thunder melodrama one is wont to associate with that house, and they have given us a right good play full of human nature and not strained at different points. It is a translation from the French of MM. Jules Mary and Georges Grisier, and has been played at the Theatre de la Porte St. Martin in Paris. It has now been adapted "to the usages" of the British stage by Messrs. Brandon Thomas and Clement Scott. The plot briefly is this. Vibrac, the master of fencing and swordmanship, has a beloved daughter who, of course, is led astray by his favourite pupil, the Count de Rochefiere, who by all accounts is a bad lot. I am not going into details but simply advise everyone to go and see it. Mr. William Terriss has for the nonce forsaken the part of the much injured but always ultimately triumphant hero and plays Vibrac with an intensity and force that is superb. Mr. Harry Nicholls as a French Baron with an eyeglass extracts a lot of dry humour out of a very senseless part. Mr. Charles Fulton and Mr. Julian Cross as Jean Olgau and Tommy Wilkins are as robust and breezy as is natural, while Mr. W. L. Abingdon, the villainous Count de Rochefiere, is intense and vindictive enough to call down the execration of the gods. The fencing scene between Vibrac and the Count in the Court

scene is as realistic a piece of acting as I have seen for some time. Miss Millward as Madeline, the swordsman's daughter, is pathetic, and that is what is required.

* * *

The Royalty, renovated and redecorated, has passed into the managerial hands of Mr. Arthur Bourchier. What has been done by him for the dramatic stage in general and that of Oxford in particular is all recorded in a recent number of *Truth*. Mr. Bourchier has given us as his first trial *The Chili Widow*. The piece is not only an adaptation from the French of MM. Bisson and Carré but all the characters are also Anglicised. Miss Kate Phillips is excellent in her depiction of the comic woes of a jilted cook and is ably assisted by Mr. Blakeley as a Government clerk, addicted to the study of the art of cookery. Mr. Frank Kinghorne, too, as a Scotch door-keeper gives a very careful and accurate study of the part. Messrs. Cosmo Stuart and Frank Lindo in minor parts are also most satisfactory. It is to be hoped Mr. Bourchier will succeed



MR. CHARLES E. STEVENS

From a photograph by Warwick Brooks, Manchester

in his effort to force the Royalty once more into its position as a Society theatre. He deserves to do so by his energy and by the good bill of fare he supplies.

* * *

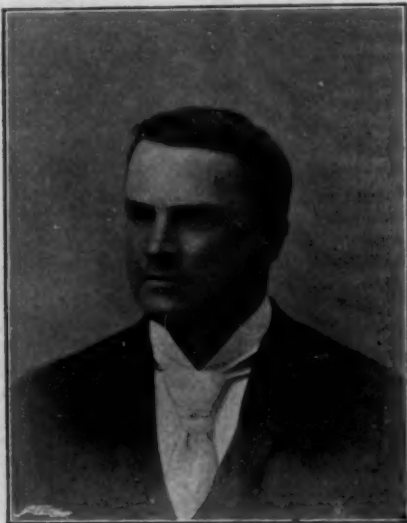
Mr. J. L. Toole is just finishing a short season at Toole's and then that theatre will know him no more. His lease expires, and as the County Council want some one hundred and one improvements, alterations and repairs carried into effect before it can be re-opened, our genial friend does not see his way to renew his tenure. *The Thoroughbred*, which, it will be remembered, was produced so successfully some months ago, and out of the cast of which Mr. Toole was obliged to retire on the second night, owing to a visit of his old enemy the gout, has been the *pièce de résistance*, and right well has it gone. Mr. Toole as the much bewildered and befogged country major, who owns and runs a race-horse unknown to himself, is made to consort with betting-touts and, disguised as a nigger minstrel, actually to sing under the drag which bears his wife and friends, is excruciatingly funny. Mr. George Shelton once more gives an inimitable picture of a race-course tout and loafer. The new "Blinkers"



MR. DE LANGE
From a photograph by Mayall

is Mr. Edward Coventry, for some time now with Mr. Toole. Mr. Coventry has, of late, made rapid strides in his profession, and each and every one of his characters shows careful study of character. Mr. Coventry will be heard of before long, I should say, in some other West End theatre. He is too good for the provinces.

* * *



MR. LIONEL RAE
From a photograph by W. V. Corbett, Staines

At the Strand Mr. Harry Paulton seems to have succeeded in reviving much of the past glory attached to that theatre, and has produced a decidedly funny piece in *In a Locket*. There is only one fault: there is not enough of Harry Paulton. His dry humour is inimitable and makes the play one continuous laugh from start to finish. Any one wanting a decided cure for a bad attack of "the blues" is recommended to sample the Strand; it will work wonders, is better than a physician, and, what is more to the point, is cheaper.



(By J. W. S. Evans, Colchester)

TEMPLE BAR



(By S. Temple, Streatham)

STARTLED

THE London and Provincial Press Agency, of Fleet Street, having taken exception to the introduction of their name in a story, "A Little Comedy," which appeared in the August number of this magazine (which had not then come under the control and management of its present proprietors), the Editor thinks it right formally to state that there was no intention of throwing doubt upon the accuracy of the information disseminated by that or any other agency. He further tenders them the apologies of the present proprietors of the magazine for the unintentional slight they consider has been done them by the insertion of their name in the story.

PUZZLEDOM

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER PUZZLES.

225. *Honesty is the best policy.*

226. *Hartbest.*

227. *Mart.*

Aver.

Roso.

Trod.

228. *Because there is often an evening mist (missed).*

229. *When it is due (dew).*

230. *Ashes.*

231. *Because the cat 'll (cattle) eat it.*

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our August Number, to whom the Three-Volume Novels have been sent:—Miss Thursby-Pelham, Abermarlais Park, Llangadock, South Wales; L. Whyman, 66, Western Road, Brighton; S. Barrett-Lennard, Aldham Rectory, Hadleigh, Suffolk; Edmund Firth, 51, West Cliffe Terrace, Harrogate; T. M. Pike, St. Cuthbert's, Great Malvern.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

THE winning photo for August "Startled" is reproduced on the previous page. Another excellent production is "Temple Bar."

A prize of one guinea will be paid each month to the Competitor sending in the best and most artistic photograph. The Editor's decision on this point to be final.

Subjects may be selected from Landscapes, Seascapes, Studies from Life (people or animals), well-known Buildings, Ruins, &c. The larger the picture the better. But portraits will not be eligible. Silver prints or P.O.P. are preferred, Bromide and Platinotype are objectionable for reproduction.

All photos sent in must be mounted on smooth card and named at the foot of print.

The Competitor's name and address must be written clearly on the back of each subject.

The Coupon, which will be found at the bottom of the Contents page of this number of THE LUDGATE MAGAZINE, must be cut out and pasted on the back of any one photo sent in and be signed by the Competitor.

A Competitor may send in any number of photographs, provided they are sent in one parcel and accompanied by a Coupon. One Coupon will be sufficient for each parcel, whether it contains one or more photos, and should be addressed, "October Photos," THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, 34, Bowdrie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

No photographs will be returned under any circumstances, but will remain the property of the Editor.

The winning photo for the month, together with such other photos that the Editor may select, will be reproduced in THE LUDGATE, together with the winner's name and address.

The Competition for October will close on the 30th October and the winner will be announced in our December Number.

"THE FRENA COMPETITION."

The above Photographic Competition, which closed on 30th August, has proved very successful, and the prize has been awarded to T. G. Burrill, 23, Tarbert Road, Dulwich.

The Prize of One Guinea for the August Competition has been awarded to S. Temple, "Stapleton," Gleneagle Road, Streatham, S.W.

The Ludgate

(NEW SERIES).

ENLARGED SIZE. INCREASED ATTRACTIONS. FRESH FEATURES.

The Most "Live" of the Monthlies.

THE LUDGATE, having become the property of **Black and White**, will in and after the November number have the full benefit of the immense resources, literary and artistic, of that Journal. Not merely will the magazine be enlarged in size, but changes will be effected in its character which will make it the most "live" of the monthlies, as well as the best for the home circle.

THE LUDGATE will be provided with an ample supply of **Fiction** both in Serial form and in Short Stories; and the action of romance and the analysis of character will alike find expression, without touching the class of subject which has of late rendered much fiction unfit for family reading.

THE LUDGATE will in the early numbers of the New Series publish **The Experiences of a Family Lawyer, The Romance of Poisons, The Modern Paul Pry**, a sequence of unconventional interviews, **Facsimile Letters by Authors, Actors, &c.**, and other new features.

THE LUDGATE will give special **Personal Features, Interviews of a New Type, General Articles** on Literature, Art, the Drama, Travel, Industry, and various other departments, which will be written by authorities on the various subjects, and which will be in every respect up-to-date.

THE LUDGATE will devote a considerable portion of space every month to **Pictorial News** of events of moment; and the illustrations will include many drawings by prominent black-and-white artists.

THE LUDGATE has inaugurated **Prize Competitions** whereby Amateurs may test their proficiency both in writing and in drawing; and the nature of these contests will be varied from time to time.

THE LUDGATE will provide a monthly article specially **written for Women**, which, while it gives due prominence to the fashions of the day, usefully illustrated, will also deal with all matters of interest to ladies.

THE LUDGATE will be **the Best** of the Magazines for home reading and for posting abroad.

THE LUDGATE

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

LITERARY & ARTISTIC PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

*For Novel Plots, Drawings, Verses,
Amateur Photographs, and Anecdotes.*

THE Editor of the *Ludgate*, desirous of furnishing Amateurs of literary and artistic tastes with means of appraising the value of their work, has decided to present silver medals of handsome design for—

THE BEST ORIGINAL PLOT FOR A NOVEL, outlined within the scope of a page of the magazine, or about eight hundred words.

THE BEST ORIGINAL DRAWING to be reproduced as a page of the magazine, though the original may, and indeed, ought to be, larger.

THE BEST SET OF ORIGINAL VERSES, which the writer may, if preferred, give in the form of a decorative page.

THE BEST PHOTOGRAPH (silver print), of a subject of general interest, to be reproduced as a page of the magazine.

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CONTRIBUTIONS, marked "Prize Competitions," must reach the Ludgate Offices, 34, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C., by the 15th of Oct.; and the prize-winners will be announced in the November Number.

THE Editor reserves the right to publish any of the Contributions, though, as a rule, only those that take prizes, or are commended, will be published.

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